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ENGLAND'S ROYAL WELCOME TO THE HEAD OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, WITH THE KING, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND, PRINCE HENRY, LEAVING VICTORIA FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

M. Gaston Doumergue, President of the French Republic, accompanied by M. Briand, the Foreign Minister, arrived in England on a State visit on Monday, May 16. On landing at Dover they were met by the Prince of Wales, who travelled with them in the train to London. At Victoria Station the French President was greeted by the King, and drove with his Majesty to Buckingham

Palace in an open carriage attended by a Sovereign's escort of the Royal Horse Guards. With them in the carriage were the Prince of Wales (seen on the left facing M. Doumergue) and Prince Henry (opposite the King). There was great enthusiasm among the crowds lining the route. Other incidents of the arrival, at Dover and in London, are illustrated on page 891.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I READ a phrase in a newspaper the other day, printed in very large letters at the top of a column, which ran as follows: "Crusade to Reform Auction Bridge." And I mused, in a slightly melancholy mood, upon the destiny and the decline of human words, and how clearly the fate of words illustrates the fall of man. Surely anyone will see something a little strange in that remarkable combination of terms and topics—anyone, at least, who knows what has been for mankind the meaning of the Crusade, not to speak of the meaning of the Cross. Indeed, it is quite equally incongruous whether our sympathies are with the Cross or the Crescent. A Moslem of any historical imagination might well be annoyed at such treatment of the tremendous and heroic trial through which his own creed and culture passed. And when we consider what the Crusade meant to the men of our own race, the fathers and founders of us all, it will indeed seem a steep and staggering disproportion; when we call up all the imagery which was familiar for so long in all European history and poetry, and all the stages of that marvellous story; the first vast movement, anonymous and almost anarchical, moving by mere popular impulse across the world, the mightiest mob in history. For no revolutionary movement of Republicans or Communists was ever so international as the First Crusade; few were so popular, for it is said that in all that wild democracy there were only nine knights.

Then their destruction in the desert and the revenge or recovery, when the despair and darkness opened before the glory of Godfrey's ride; when the toppling battle-towers swayed and sank in flames around the city as Godfrey leapt upon the wall; the high place where he refused the crown of gold under the shadow of the crown of thorns; the return of a deeper darkness, and the last stand under the Horns of Hattin, where the knights died around the True Cross; the rush of the rescuer upon Acre, and that vain victory after which the Lion Heart threw his lance to earth and turned his back on Jerusalem, that he might not see what he must not save; the strange and gloomy story of the Fourth Crusade and old Simon de Montfort riding away alone because he would not draw the sword against Christian men; the way in which that golden or crimson thread was woven into the tapestries of every land, whether they showed Douglas hurling the heart of Bruce before him in battle with the Saracens, or old Barbarossa sunken under the river but still waiting with his hand on his barbaric sword, or a light that shone in the desert where St. Louis lay like one dying and mingling the Crucifixion with the Crusade. If we have any sense of the historic influence of these images among men, of how Godfrey blazed among the Nine Worthies or what it was that lingered on the lyre of Tasso, we shall perhaps repeat to ourselves in a curious and meditative voice those simple words, "Crusade to Reform Auction Bridge."

Of course, this loss of verbal values comes gradually, and at the beginning may even be a tribute of the lesser thing to the greater. Somebody talks naturally enough about a crusade for liberty or a crusade for knowledge; then the hunt is up, and everybody who honestly believes in anything uses the term as a cliché, and we are all made familiar with the rush and hustle of a crusade for vaccination or against vivisection. In fact, the word "crusade" begins by meaning "movement" and ends with meaning merely "proposal," when it does not mean merely "fuss." We receive leaflets about a crusade against waste paper—leaflets that are decidedly waste paper. We receive visitors with a crusade against muzzling dogs, visitors whom we ardently desire to muzzle. Crusades for painting the lamp-posts green or putting the costermongers into livery follow each other with unabated enthusiasm; and we have already a crusade to reform auction bridge, and shall doubtless have another to improve ping-pong. *Dieu le veult.*

Of course, there are a great many other examples in everyday English which may be represented as

or in declaring that it is the crux of the question. Perhaps there is a grim reminder of it in the fact that "a Resurrectionist" generally means a body-snatcher and not a believer in the Resurrection.

But my wandering thoughts have strayed rather backwards to the origins of these things than outwards to the numberless examples of them. I think it obvious that the tendency is a general one, apart from extreme examples, though I would still lift a faint and feeble protest against the reformer of auction bridge literally elevated to the position of Pontifex Maximus. But though we may reasonably remonstrate with some very abrupt accelerations of the process, it may be that it generally goes on as a slow process, and especially as a sleepy process. Most thoroughly bad processes are slow and sleepy, which is why I have sometimes been found wanting in a full and fanatical faith in evolution. And it seems to me that the moral of all these things is the very opposite of that which is offered to us by many evolutionists. There are, indeed, many of them so clear-headed as not to confuse strictly scientific evolution with a vague notion of ethical exaltation or expansion. But others do ask us to accept a sort of general upward tendency; and it seems to me that in these things there is a general downward tendency. In the matter of language, which is the main matter of literature, it is clear that words are perpetually falling below themselves. And, in this fall of man's chosen symbols, there may well be a symbol of his own fall.

Now, this distinction directly concerns all the talk about new art or experiments in literature. It does not make me believe in these things as a progress, but it does in a sense make me believe in them as a

change. I am at once more tolerant of them and less trustful of them. I can see that people must be allowed to play about with human language to a certain extent, because unless it is kept stirring it goes stale. But I do not think a thing is necessarily great because we feel it as fresh, or necessarily small because we feel it as stale. All we are doing, when we pick our words or try our experiments, is resisting the general trend of all style towards staleness. In other words, all artists are dedicated to an eternal struggle against the downward tendency of their own method and medium. For this reason they must sometimes be fresh; but there is no reason why they should not also be modest. There is nothing to brag about in the mere fact that your only mode of expression is perpetually going to the dogs. The dignity of the artist lies in his duty of keeping awake the sense of wonder in the world. In this long vigil he often has to vary his methods of stimulation; but in this long vigil he is also himself striving against a continual tendency to sleep. There are some to whom this may even seem a sombre version of human existence, but not to me, for I have long believed that the only really happy and hopeful faith is a faith in the Fall of Man.



THE FIRST COLONIAL CONFERENCE—AN IMPORTANT NEW STEP TOWARDS UNITY AND CO-OPERATION: GOVERNORS AND SENIOR OFFICIALS OF THE CROWN COLONIES, WITH THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, MR. AMERY (CENTRE, FRONT ROW), ASSEMBLED AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE IN LONDON.

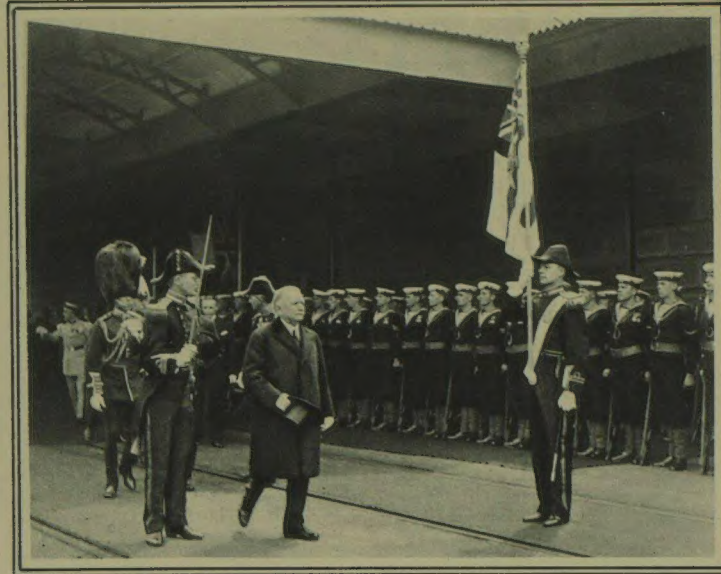
The first Colonial Conference ever held opened at the Colonial Office on May 10. The main object was to discuss the holding of such conferences at fixed intervals, with a view to more effective co-operation between Colonial Governments, and also to consider questions of general administration, trade and communications, and technical services. The figures in the group are (from left to right): Front Row (seated on chairs)—Mr. W. C. F. Robertson (Barbados), Sir Horace Byatt (Trinidad), Sir Gordon Guggisberg (Gold Coast), Mr. W. Ormsby-Gore (Under-Sec. for Colonies), Sir Graeme Thomson (Nigeria), Mr. Amery (Colonial Secretary), Sir Edward Grigg (Kenya), Sir Samuel Wilson (Permanent Under-Sec. for Colonies), Sir Donald Cameron (Tanganyika), Sir Herbert Stanley (Northern Rhodesia), Sir Joseph Byrne (Seychelles). Second Row—Mr. R. P. Lobb (Cyprus), Dr. R. O. Winstedt (Malay States), Mr. E. B. Jarvis (Uganda), Mr. E. B. Alexander (Ceylon), Lt.-Col. W. B. Davidson-Houston (Windward Islands), Lord Lovat (Under-Sec. for Dominions), Mr. H. C. Luke (Sierra Leone), Mr. H. Marriott (Straits Settlements), Mr. R. S. Rankine (Nyasaland), Mr. E. Baynes (Leeward Islands), Mr. E. Costley-White (Zanzibar), Mr. E. Mills (Palestine). Back Row—Mr. J. N. Oliphant (British Honduras), Mr. W. C. Bottomley (Colonial Office), Sir John Shuckburgh (Assistant Under-Sec. for Colonies), Sir Henry Lambert (Senior Crown Agent), Mr. F. Pudsey (British Guiana), Mr. S. B. B. McElderry (Hong-kong), Mr. E. B. Boyd (Secretary to Conference), Major R. D. Furse (Colonial Office), Sir Gilbert Grindle (Colonial Office), Captain B. E. H. Clifford (Imperial Secretary, South Africa). Seated on ground in front—Mr. G. H. Creasy and Mr. G. E. J. Gent (both of Colonial Office).

every bit as bad. We talk about a man being a martyr to indigestion, without being haunted or shamed by the burning shades of St. Laurence or St. Sebastian. We say that Pebbleswick-on-Sea is a God-forsaken place, without committing ourselves to the highly heretical dogma that it is really forsaken of God. For it is heresy to suggest that even a successful watering-place can really be an exception either to the divine omnipresence or to the divine charity and forgiveness. But that single phrase "God-forsaken," in itself so tragic, is also in itself a tragedy. I mean it is a marked example of this tragedy of the gradual weakening of words. For it is in itself a very powerful and even appalling phrase. It is not a piece of sound theology, but it is a piece of vigorous and vivid literature. It reminds us of some great phrase in "Paradise Lost," giving a glimpse of a sort of lurid negation and ruinous quiet; not light, but rather darkness visible. Yet, strange to say, a human being can say this awful thing about Pebbleswick without shuddering. Doubtless there are any number of other examples which I could think of if I stopped to think. Perhaps there is some touch of such levity even in saying that a thing is "crucial,"

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND FOREIGN MINISTER ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.



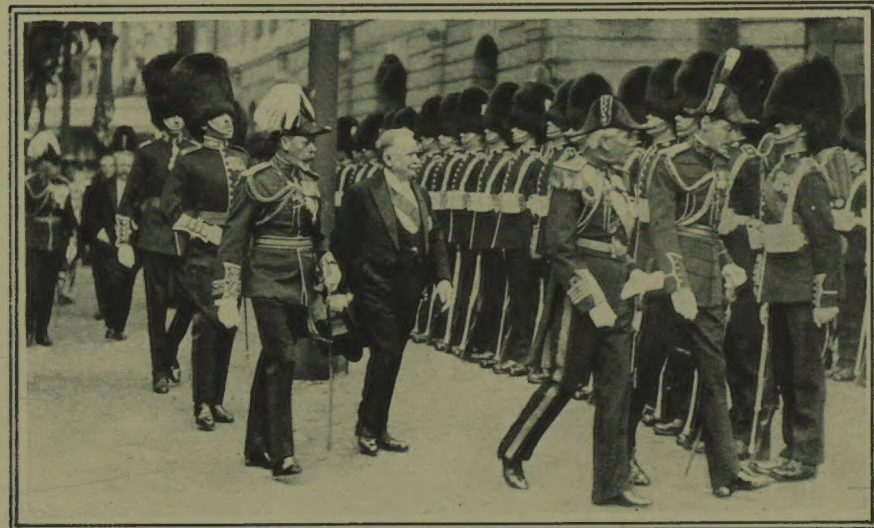
PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY A LITTLE GIRL: A CHARMING INCIDENT OF HIS EMBARKATION AT CALAIS—SHOWING M. BRIAND ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.



WITH THE KING'S COLOUR OF THE ROYAL NAVY PARADED FOR THE FIRST TIME: PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, FOLLOWED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, INSPECTING THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR AT DOVER.

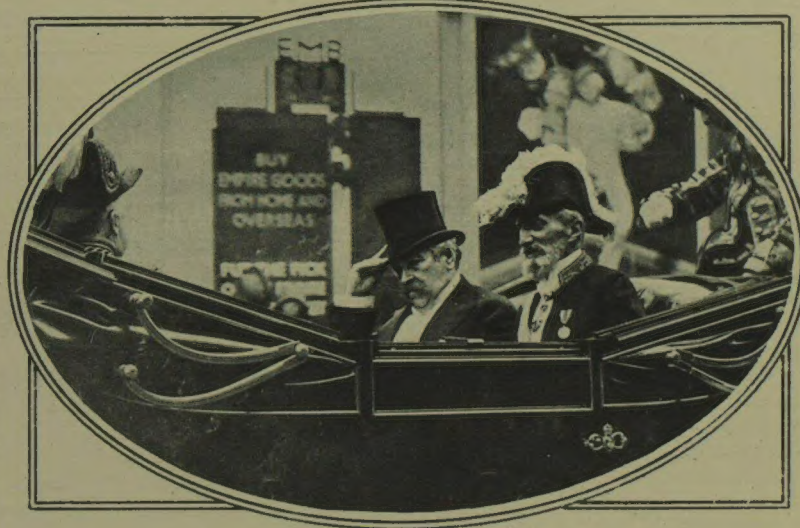


PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE (CENTRE) AND M. BRIAND, FOREIGN MINISTER (LEFT), SET FOOT ON ENGLISH SOIL AFTER CROSSING FROM CALAIS: A BRILLIANT SCENE ON THE QUAY AT DOVER, SHOWING THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN GUARDS' UNIFORM, SALUTING) BETWEEN AND BEYOND THEM, AND FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG (ON THE GANGWAY NEXT TO LEFT TO M. BRIAND).



THE KING AND THE FRENCH PRESIDENT INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: A CEREMONY AFTER THE ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA.

President Doumergue crossed from Calais to Dover on May 16, in the steamer "Invicta," accompanied by M. Briand, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, for it is a rule in France that no President ever goes abroad without his Foreign Minister. The "Invicta" was escorted from Calais by French war-ships, and was met in mid-Channel by a British Naval escort, which brought her to Dover. There the President was welcomed on arrival by the Prince of Wales and Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who went on board, and a few minutes later led the visitors down the gangway on to the quay. As they stepped on English soil, the band of the Naval Guard of Honour struck up the "Marseillaise." With



THE FOREIGN MINISTER (WHO MUST ALWAYS ACCOMPANY A PRESIDENT TRAVELLING ABROAD): M. BRIAND (LEFT) WITH THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. DE FLEURIAU.

the Guard of Honour was paraded, for the first time in history, the King's Colour of the Royal Navy (shown in our photograph), which was presented only last year, and was brought from Chatham specially for this occasion. The Prince and Earl Haig travelled with the President in the train to Victoria, where they were met by the King, Prince Henry, the Duke of Connaught, and a distinguished company, including the Prime Minister. President Doumergue drove with the King and the two Princes (as illustrated on our front page) to Buckingham Palace, where in the evening the President was the guest of honour at a State banquet.

THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE JUBILEE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE DEATH OF CLAVERHOUSE ("BONNIE DUNDEE") AT THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE:
IN THE JUBILEE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, WHICH

The Royal Tournament at Olympia, which the King arranged to open on May 19, accompanied by the Queen, falls in the fiftieth year since the event was instituted, and a programme of exceptional interest has been organised to mark the jubilee. The proceeds go to charities of the Navy, Army, and Air Force. The central feature this year is a historical pageant-of-arms entitled "Scotland," in three episodes: (1) The battle of Killiecrankie; (2) a games scene, including Highland dances; (3) Scottish regiments as part of the British Army. A final tableau typifies the spirit of Scotland in arms. Other items on the Tournament programme are field-gun competitions, musical rides and drives, drill and physical training displays, and rope-climbing by Bluejackets and Marines. Our artist's

AT OLYMPIA: "SCOTLAND"—THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

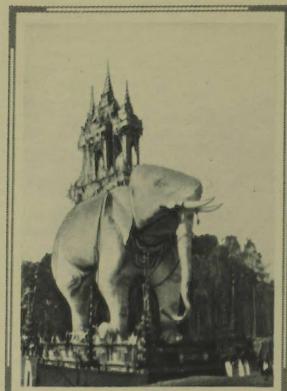
C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE FIRST EPISODE IN A HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF ARMS ENTITLED "SCOTLAND,"
THE KING ARRANGED TO OPEN ON MAY 19.

drawing shows the Killiecrankie episode. Before a background representing the Grampian Hills, the Highlanders, commanded by Graham of Claverhouse ("Bonnie Dundee"), using the advantage of high ground, attack a force of Lowlanders, commanded by General Mackay. The Lowlanders, unable to fix their clumsy bayonets, are at first driven back, abandoning transport and stores, which the Highlanders immediately proceed to loot. Dundee rallies his men to follow up the advantage; but only a few respond. He attacks the Lowlanders, but is killed by a bullet. This is the moment illustrated. In the background a cart is being pillaged. In the left foreground the Lowland musketeers and pikemen are making the stand which enables them to retreat beyond the River Garry.

A GLORIFIED "WEMBLEY" FOR THE CREMATION OF ONE PRIEST: BURMESE FUNERAL RITES.



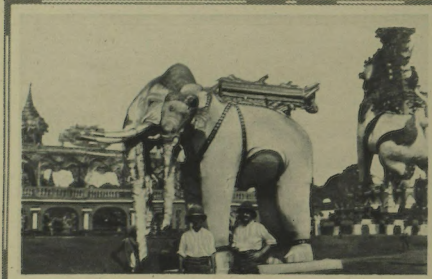
1. THE FIRST "STATE" WHERE THE BODY RESTED: A COLOSSAL WHITE ELEPHANT (ASSOCIATED WITH THE STORY OF GAUTAMA'S BIRTH).



2. A NAT CARRYING A DUMMY COFFIN ON THE FORE-ARMS: A FIGURE REPRESENTING ONE OF 37 BURMESE DEITIES—A LOCAL ACCRETION TO BUDDHISM.



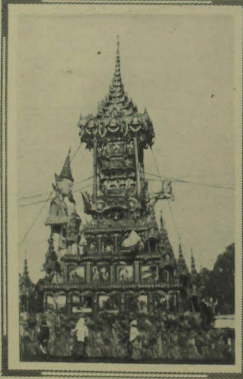
3. ADORNED WITH CEREMONIAL UMBRELLAS (SAID TO BE THE ORIGIN OF THE HALO) AN ENORMOUS FIGURE OF A DRAGON.



4. ANOTHER GIGANTIC WHITE ELEPHANT—THIS TIME WITH THREE HEADS: ONE OF THE SYMBOLIC ANIMAL FIGURES, BUILT FOR THE FUNERAL, INCLUDING THE LEOGRIF (ON THE RIGHT).



5. REMOVED BEFORE THE CREMATION: THE EMBROIDERED PALL USED TO COVER THE COFFIN OF THIPA, HIGH PRIEST OF A MONASTERY NEAR RANGOON, DURING THE FUNERAL RITES AT KEMMENDINE.



6. THE KYAUNG, OR MONASTERY: A DUMMY BUILDING MADE OF PAPER, IN WHICH THE BODY OF THE DEAD HIGH PRIEST WAS DEPOSITED TO REST FOR A CERTAIN PERIOD.



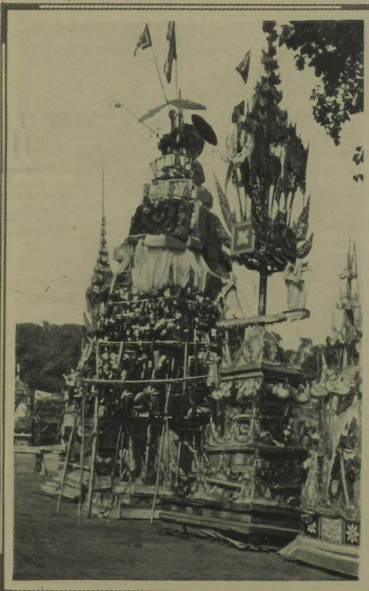
7. A GIGANTIC LEOGRIF: A TYPE OF FIGURE BUILT AT THE ENTRANCE OF EVERY PAGODA, IN ACCORDANCE WITH A LEGEND.



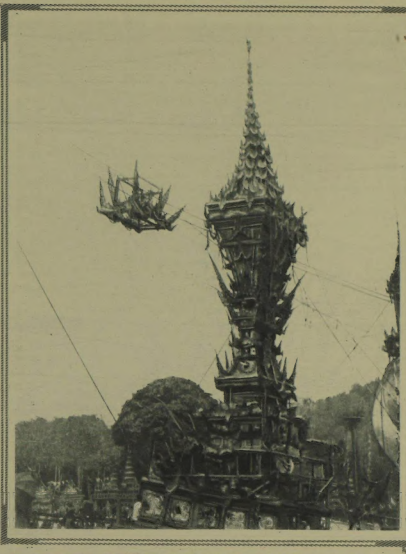
8. THE COFFIN, WRAPPED IN A WHITE SHROUD, ABOUT TO BE REMOVED BY "YOUNG MEN" WHO DANCED WHILE IT WAS TOSSED IN THE AIR AND CAUGHT AGAIN REPEATEDLY.



9. SUGGESTIVE (IN ATTITUDE) OF THE PECKABLY "EROS": A FIGURE OF THE MYTHICAL PRINCE WHO WITH BOW AND ARROW SHOT HIS LION FOSTER-FATHER, REPRESENTED BY THE LEOGRIF.



11. PYRAMIDS OF PROPITIATORY OFFERINGS: FUNERAL GIFTS THAT INCLUDED UMBRELLAS, FANS, SANDALS, ROLLS OF YELLOW SILK FOR ROBES, TOWELS, SUIT-CASES, AND AN ALARM CLOCK!



10. THE "AERIAL FLIGHT" BY WHICH THE BODY WAS CONVEYED FROM ONE "STATE" OR EXISTENCE TO ANOTHER (EACH REPRESENTED BY A DIFFERENT STRUCTURE), WITHOUT TOUCHING EARTH.



12. THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE DEAD HIGH-PRIEST: MOURNERS BESIDE THE ORNATE CATAPALQUE DECORATED WITH HAND-WORKED BURMESE SILVER ON BLACK VELVET.

Important funerals in Burma, as in China, are conducted with extraordinary magnificence, many huge and elaborate paper structures and figures, of gods and animals, being made specially for the occasion, only, as a rule, to be burnt as part of the ceremony. These remarkable photographs illustrate scenes at a cremation took place at Kemmendine, in Lower Burma. The figures and structures represented various "states" or "existences," in which the coffin was deposited successively for prescribed periods. The following notes accompany some of the photographs. "The white elephant (No. 1) was the first 'state' where the body rested. According to Burmese legend, Gautama entered his mother's womb in the form of a white elephant. (2) Tradition says there are thirty-seven Nats of Burma (divine beings representing men who have lived on earth). Probably Nat-worship was grafted on to Buddhism by the hill tribes

of Upper Burma. It is contrary to the spirit of Buddhism, but is the heritage of an immemorial past. (3) The umbrella (as on the dragon here illustrated) plays a great part in Buddhist ritual. Fielding Hall says it is the precursor of the halo, regarded as an 'attribute of power.' (7) The Leogriff represents a lion that carried off a princess with her two children (a boy and a girl) and acted as their foster-father. When the children had grown up, all three escaped and returned to the city where the princess had lived. The lion pursued them and killed people in the city, whereupon the young prince killed the lion with his bow and arrows. On becoming king he suffered from terrible headaches. The wise men told him it was because he had killed his father, and the only remedy was to build large images of the lion at the pagoda and worship them. Thus he was cured, and decreed that such images should always be built at the entrance to every pagoda."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

which are much more than books. The enormous advance made of late years in the arts of reproduction has brought into being a type of tome that is also a portable picture gallery, often combined with a museum. When I say "portable," I do not mean that I would undertake to carry one very far. They are not exactly pocket editions. To peruse them in comfort a strong table is required.

Magnificent examples in this kind are two new volumes of the great Catalogue of the Eumorfopoulos Collection. One is Vol. IV.—the Ming Dynasty—in the "CATALOGUE OF THE CHINESE, COREAN, AND PERSIAN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN." By R. L. Hobson, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics and Ethnography, British Museum (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; £12 12s. net). This edition is limited to 725 numbered copies on Van Gelden paper, of which 660 are for sale. There are also 30 numbered copies on Batchelor's Kelmscott hand-made paper, of which 25 are for sale. The illustrations consist of 75 plates—many of them in colour—comprising 378 different subjects. The other volume is the "CATALOGUE OF THE CHINESE FRESCOS." By Laurence Binyon. (Benn; £12 12s. net), with fifty full-page plates, all in colour. Here the number of copies is 560, of which 495 are for sale, and, (in the *édition de luxe*) twenty-five copies, including twenty for sale. The reproduction work in both volumes is from every point of view the last word in excellence of craftsmanship.

When I come to consider the book of the Ming ware, as a very "general" reader, I can only record a sense of wonder, not unmixed with awe. To me there is something rather terrifying in precious china. When, on occasion, I have been invited by a collector to admire his treasures, and have been accorded the privilege of handling them, I have shivered with apprehension lest I should drop them, or a piece should (in the classic phrase of Mary Ann) "come off in me 'and.'" If ever I am bitten with the virus of collecting, I shall choose a substance better able to withstand the shocks of time and the housemaid—not but what I have known even brass and iron yield to those disintegrating influences. I can well understand, however, that for the true devotee the exquisite beauty and delicacy of Ming porcelain must hold a fearful fascination, and to such an one the riches of the Eumorfopoulos catalogue will be an Aladdin's cave of delight.

Mr. R. L. Hobson has done his work with the scholarly care and skill we have learned to expect of him. He supplies a short historical introduction, a complete descriptive list of all the 378 objects illustrated, with a prefatory note to each of the classes into which they are divided (underglaze, enamels, monochrome, and so on), a table of Chinese dynastic periods, a bibliography of works of reference, and a list of potters' marks in facsimile, translated into English and dated.

Recent events have lent a topical interest to places associated with the origin of Ming ware, and its records exemplify the tendency of history to repeat itself. "The rule of the Mongols in China," writes Mr. Hobson, "ended in 1368, when the last decadent Yuan Emperor fled before the victorious armies of Chu Yuan-chang, the soldier-priest"—a prototype, perhaps, of our friend the "Christian general," Feng Yu-hsiang. "The native Ming dynasty was established with its capital at Nanking, and in 1369 the Imperial porcelain factory was rebuilt at Ching-té Chên, which from then onwards may be regarded as the ceramic metropolis of China."

Wandering through the "Academy" of illustrations housed in this monumental work, I can easily accept Mr. Hobson's dictum that "for massive splendour and broad decorative effect there is little in the whole range of ceramics to rival the Ming porcelain with three-colour glazes." Apart from allurements of colour and design, my eye is drawn to many details of human interest. Thus, one gorgeous blue wine-jar, of the fifteenth century, illustrates a legend concerning a Chinese counterpart of Rip Van Winkle named Wang Chai. Another intriguing design is a court scene, on the lid of a porcelain box, with a fat Mandarin on the bench, who reminds me of Falstaff playing the irate father to Prince Hal. Equally amusing are the statuettes of Shou Lao, the jolly old god of longevity; Li Tieh-kua, a genial Taoist Immortal; Han-shan and Shih-te, the laughing "twin geni of union and harmony"; and Confucius himself, a grave academic person in cap and gown. He wears his mortar-board with one side of the square, instead of a point, in front, but otherwise it is very like the one I had at Cambridge, though in better condition. Instead of crumpling his, after the manner of the freshman who desires not to appear too fresh, he has only gone so far as to remove the tassel.

Turning now to Mr. Laurence Binyon's volume on Chinese frescoes, I find again a link with present happenings in their land of origin. Two distinct frescoes are represented. One, illustrated in thirty-six of the fifty colour-plates, was said to have come from a cave-temple in Shansi, near the border of Honan, but, as the report lacked verification, a member of the firm from whom Mr. Eumorfopoulos bought it (Mr. W. M. Weinberger) was asked to visit the locality during a journey in China. "Owing to the disturbed state of the country (we read), Mr. Weinberger was unable to reach his destination." On his way back to Peking, however, he heard of another fresco (in a temple called Ch'ing Liang), which he bought and carried away. It is this fresco that provides the other fourteen plates. The Ch'ing Liang temple "was founded in A.D. 1188. Having been wrecked by soldiers, it was rebuilt in 1424, and restored in 1466-8."



A THACKERAY WATER-COLOUR COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: "COURTING"—A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF THE GREAT NOVELIST'S PICTORIAL HUMOUR.

The author of "Vanity Fair" expressed his humour with pencil and brush, as well as pen, in a style emulated by later writers with the comic spirit, such as W. S. Gilbert, Edward Lear, or Hilaire Belloc. This original water-colour drawing of a coy, elderly lady with her admirer, a delightful specimen of Thackeray's skill as a humorous artist, is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on May 31—the second day of an important four days' auction of literary material, including books, letters, historical documents, early maps and atlases. The drawing, which is the property of Mrs. A. E. Cundell, measures 6½ in. by 3½ in., and is framed and glazed.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]

Mr. Binyon, in his delightful introduction, discusses the history and technique of Chinese fresco-painting, and appreciates the artistic quality of the two examples concerned, both of which represent figures, human and mythical, connected with the Buddhist faith. Of the Ch'ing Liang fresco, a trinity of Bodhisattvas (two of them not unlike Queen Victoria), he says: "My personal impression, shared by others, is that this is the most majestic work of Chinese pictorial art that has so far been revealed to us." Of the Shansi series he writes: "I should be inclined to place these frescoes conjecturally in the early part of the Ming dynasty. . . . Whatever their precise date, they form a new and very important document, besides having many splendid qualities as art, for the study of Buddhist painting in China."

One of the Shansi frescoes seems to me to stand out from all the others in the book, not indeed for sublimity, but for human realism and dramatic movement, as might

some jester out of Aristophanes in a company of Æschylean gods and heroes. The subject is described as "A ministrant. A saint treading on a lotus holds up a dish heaped with fruit and leaves. Round his shaven head, which is reverted, is a large halo." I very much fear he did not deserve that halo; he looks to me suspiciously like the Knave of Hearts furtively glancing over his shoulder as he runs away with the tarts.

From China to Spain seems a far cry—half-way, as it were, to Peru. But the two countries have something in common. Both were long regarded as sleepy and stagnant, and both have lately sprung into a strenuous awakening. In the matter of artistic vogue among us they run each other close. Spain, moreover, is becoming a popular "playground" for the British tourist, especially the art-lover, and the Prince of Wales and Prince George were quite in the movement when they recently visited the Prado in Madrid. There is a certain timeliness, therefore, about a large and sumptuous and abundantly pictured book entitled "SPANISH ART." An Introductory Review of Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Textiles, Ceramics, Woodwork, Metalwork. With over 120 Plates (nine in colour) comprising 280 subjects, and Maps. (Batsford; £2 2s.) The jacket design has a griffin that would hold his own with any Chinese dragon.

"Spanish Art" has been published for the *Burlington Magazine* as the second of its special monographs, and the editor, Mr. R. R. Tatlock, says in his introduction: "The plan was suggested by our first and less ambitious experiment in book production, *Chinese Art* (now out of print). Both that subject and this suffer from a dearth of good literature, and it is our belief that the deficiency in either case is mainly due to the fact that no one writer can hope to deal with the whole material." For the Spanish volume, accordingly, a strong team of collaborators, including Sir Charles Holmes, has been selected. Their combined efforts, along with the wealth of illustration, have resulted in a work of the highest value, indispensable to the student and full of charm and interest for the general reader.

There is another mode of approach to the decorative arts besides the learned treatise or the alluring illustration, and that is by way of the essay and the romantic fantasy. If it does not impart as much knowledge, it certainly stimulates imagination, and it may lead more directly to the inmost sanctuary where the spirit of art is enshrined. Such a path is pursued in "THE BOOK OF PORCELAIN." By Adalbert Zoellner. Translated by Muriel Mackenzie Morrow (Methuen; 6s.). The author invests the potter's creations with life and personality, weaving delicate fancies even around the common dinner-plate, or evoking from a Chinese vase wistful memories of a languorous imperial past.

I return to the feverish and democratic present with "CHINA: THE FACTS." By Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Etherton, late H.M. Consul-General in Chinese Turkestan, and Additional Assistant Judge of H.M. Supreme Court for China. Illustrated (Benn; 12s. 6d.). Colonel Etherton describes the social, political, and religious life of China, and provides an excellent historical background for an understanding of the great drama now being enacted on the Yangtse. The scene shifts, of course, from day to day, and already, I think, some of his prognostications have been modified by events. His outline of the past, however, remains extremely valuable as a starting point for an intelligent study of current news.

Another book emanating from China is not concerned with the prevailing turmoil—though it touches the fringe of the civil wars when the author dines with Wu Pei-fu—but rather has affinities with Mr. Binyon's work, for it is a record of personal experiences in archaeological exploration. I refer to "THE LONG OLD ROAD IN CHINA." By Langdon Warner. With thirty-one Photographs, two Plans, and a Map (Arrowsmith; 16s.).

"The Fogg Museum at Harvard," says the author, "determined to establish an Oriental Department. . . . In 1924 they despatched me and my friend, Horace H. F. Jayne, on a scouting trip to China, less to secure objects than to seek information." They got both, and Mr. Warner describes the getting with much vivacity. We learn from him the strange conditions in which Chinese frescoes and statues are found *in situ*, and how specimens are removed. On the way he takes us to the deserted city of Edzina, which once welcomed Marco Polo, to the Elephant Chapel at Ching'chow, and to the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas. The book is a pleasant blend of antiquarian zeal with American humour and sentiment. C. E. B.

THE AMBROSE McEVROY EXHIBITION:

A MEMORIAL COLLECTION OF WORK
BY A GREAT MODERN ARTIST NOW ON VIEW.



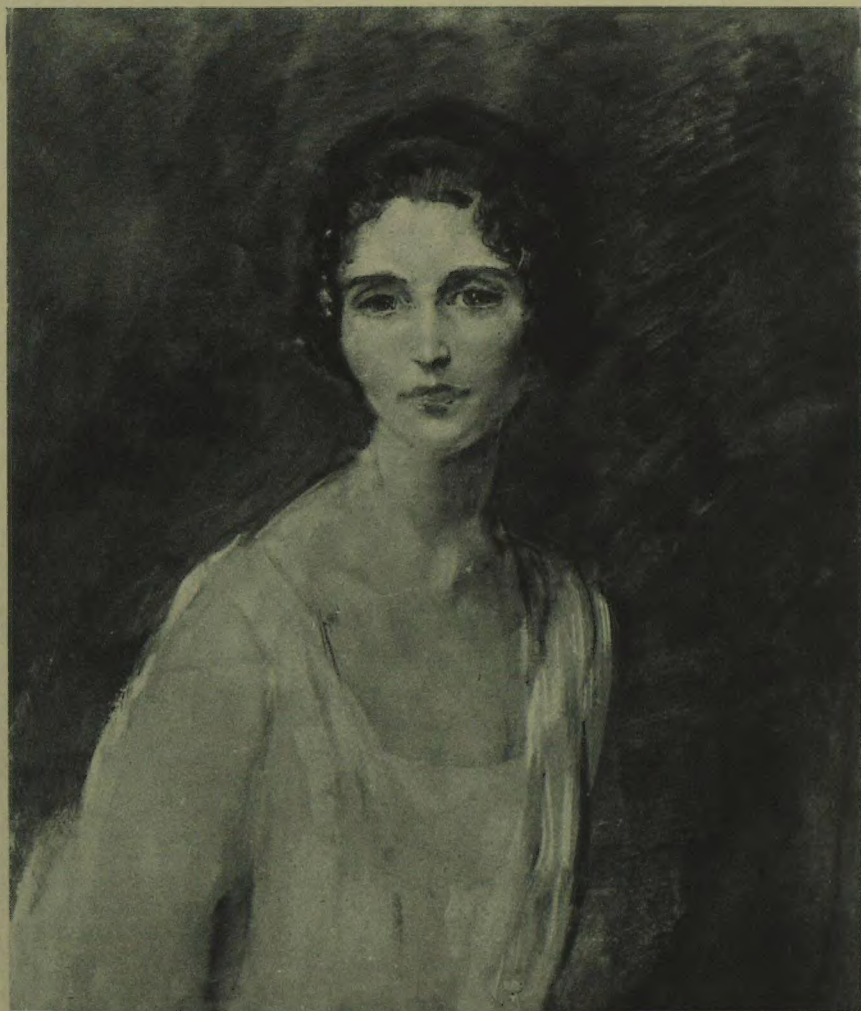
"MISS ZITA JUNGMAHN."



"MRS. CAROL CARSTAIRS."



"LADY JULIET DUFF."



"LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY."

The exhibition of pictures by the late Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, A.R.A., on view at the Leicester Galleries for three weeks from May 19, is one that no one interested in modern art should miss. His death, on January 4 last, at the age of forty-eight, cut short a brilliant career. As a boy he was encouraged by Whistler, a friend of his father, and he studied at the Slade School along with Sir William Orpen and Mr. Augustus John, whom he accompanied on holiday fours. McEvoy began as a painter of restful interiors, and then suddenly sprang into fame as a fashionable portrait-painter, especially of women. During the war he was attached to the Royal Naval Division, and was one of the official

artists. In 1914 he was elected an A.R.A., without, it is said, ever having exhibited at Burlington House, but last year he had five pictures in the Academy, including a portrait of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Examples of his work are in the Tate Gallery and the Luxembourg. The portrait of Lady Patricia Ramsay, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, was one of his last, and has never been exhibited before. Miss Zita Jungmann is a daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness. Mrs. Carol Carstairs is the wife of a member of the famous firm of art dealers, Messrs. Knoedler. Lady Juliet Duff, widow of the late Sir Robin Duff, Bt., is a daughter of the late Earl of Lonsdale.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



OUR FLYCATCHERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

MY postbag tells me that this page is perused by readers scattered far and wide over the earth's surface; and hence it is that I must often seem to write about creatures which have either never come within their experience or which they have not seen for years, and have almost forgotten. Yet I want to point out that a lack of personal knowledge of some particular bird or beast does not really matter if the right perspective is taken. And this is found in considering this or that particular animal as an entity which has been moulded by its environment. The broad effect of this moulding process often leaps to the eyes, as in the case of the mole or the sloth, the eagle or the tiger. We say this is certainly a burrowing, that an arboreal, this a predatory, or that an aquatic animal, as the case may be. We arrive at these conclusions on account of the shape of the body, the nature of the teeth and claws, and so on.

But when we have got thus far we generally stop, as though nothing more could be or need be said. Here, however, we make a mistake, for we have really only begun our investigation. Colour, shape, size, habits, for example, have to be studied in relation to these very obvious external characters. And so, then, whether I am addressing dwellers in "our England," or those in temporary "exile"—serving their country abroad—or those others who have no personal acquaintance with our native birds, I should have something to say which appeals to all when I take the theme of "Our Flycatchers."

Though, when I speak of "Our Flycatchers" I have to include five very distinct species—the spotted, the pied, the collared, the brown, and the red-breasted flycatchers—I refer here, more especially, to the little grey bird which we call the spotted flycatcher (Fig. 3), very inaptly, since it is *striped*, not spotted. But of this more presently. It is the little bird which can be seen

Now, this habit of catching its victims from a fixed vantage-point, darting out and returning to the same spot, characteristic of this little grey bird, raises a host of questions. To begin with, it stands in striking contrast with the method of the pied wagtail hunting on the self-same lawn, for this bird catches just as many flies, but by chasing them over

with the members of the thrush tribe, to whom therefore the flycatchers are regarded by some as related. Evidence, however, drawn from deeper-seated, anatomical characters affords no support for this supposed relationship. The flycatchers, in short, are more nearly allied to the swallow tribe.

Though no fewer than five species of flycatcher are to be regarded as British birds, three of these are excessively rare, merely accidental visitors. Only two, as I have remarked, breed with us. The other is the pied flycatcher, a little black-and-white bird which is fairly common in North and Central Wales, Westmorland, and Cumberland. In habits it differs conspicuously from the spotted flycatcher, more especially in its method of hunting; for it does not make sallies into the air from a fixed point, but travels from place to place within the range of its territory, and it will also take food, even worms, from the ground.

There is another aspect of this theme of flycatchers which I must mention here, and that is the astonishing variety of form and coloration which they present when we come to take a survey of the whole group, which has an enormous geographical range; and some of these are of great beauty, while the males and females display wide differences in the matter of their coloration. The paradise flycatcher furnishes a case in point. Herein the male is white with a black crested head and an enormously long tail. The female is of a rich bay colour. The young male resembles her, and sometimes even breeds in this plumage.

Another white species is the beautiful Caroline Island flycatcher shown in Fig. 2. By way of contrast, I have selected an African species, Fraser's wattled flycatcher (*Diaphorophya castanea*) (Fig. 1), wherein the male is marked by sharp contrasts of black and white, while the female displays a red throat, though not so bright a red as in the red-breasted flycatcher, which, as I have said, has contrived to creep into our list of British birds. This little bird is almost robin-like in appearance. Though I have not set down a tithe of what should be told of these most interesting birds, I have said enough, I hope, to afford a standard of comparison with our two breeding species, and this must suffice me.



FIG. 1.—DIFFERING IN COLORATION IN THE SEXES: FRASER'S WATTLED FLYCATCHER—MALE (BELOW) AND FEMALE (ABOVE).

In Fraser's Wattled Flycatcher, the two sexes are strikingly different. The female (upper) has a red breast; the male (lower) is black and white.

the grass. Why, it may be asked, these two very different methods? The answer seems not far to seek; for here we have an illustration of the effects of the inter-relationship between different species in the "shifts for a living." If both adopted the same method of flycatching; that is, if either adopted the method of the other, they would be hunting the same kinds of flies, and the supply would be insufficient. As it is, the flycatcher taps a different source of supply: the insects he feeds on are largely, at any rate, different in kind from those pursued by the wagtail. I have repeatedly seen the spotted flycatcher pursue and capture the cabbage-white butterfly, but never have I seen the wagtail do this.

This habit of seizing flies in the air is accompanied by a peculiarity not seen in the wagtail. And this consists in the fringe of bristles on each side of the gape, recalling those of the night-jar. It apparently plays an important part in the pursuit of insects which must be taken in mid-air. But in coming to this conclusion we must be careful, for neither the swallow tribe nor the swifts have these bristles. Any attempt to explain these differences as between these different types of aerial insect-hunters would be but mere guess-work. We must leave the explanation to those who tell us that "we know all there is to know about British birds"! I have been told that this is the case many times, yet I fancy that this assumption of knowledge is but a vain conceit. The spotted flycatcher couldn't very well capture flies off the ground if he tried, at any rate after the manner of the wagtail. His legs are too short. Here, then, is another "adaptation" to an arboreal life.

I said that the name "spotted" flycatcher was inapt. It is; because in the living bird, at any rate, the only appreciable markings are the streaks of the crown and breast. But the young bird, in its first plumage, is more or less distinctly marked with buff-coloured spots on the crown and back, and somewhat less distinctly so on the breast. These spots are relics of an ancestral dress. They share this character



FIG. 2.—ALMOST ENTIRELY WHITE, WITH A HEAVY BEAK FOR A BIRD OF ITS KIND: THE CAROLINE ISLAND FLYCATCHER.

The Caroline Island Flycatcher is pure white, save for the black forehead and throat. In this species the beak is markedly heavy for a flycatcher.

on nearly every lawn during the summer months, for it loves to make of the tennis-nets a vantage point in its watch for passing flies; failing the nets, it will adopt some convenient bough from which it can dart out to seize its victim with an audible snap of its bill, and return to its perch. This species, and its cousin, the pied flycatcher, alone breed with us, and are, therefore, alone "native to the soil."



FIG. 3.—FOND OF TENNIS-NETS AS A VANTAGE-POINT FOR DARTING AT INSECTS IN THE AIR: THE SPOTTED FLYCATCHER, WHICH IS REALLY STRIPED.

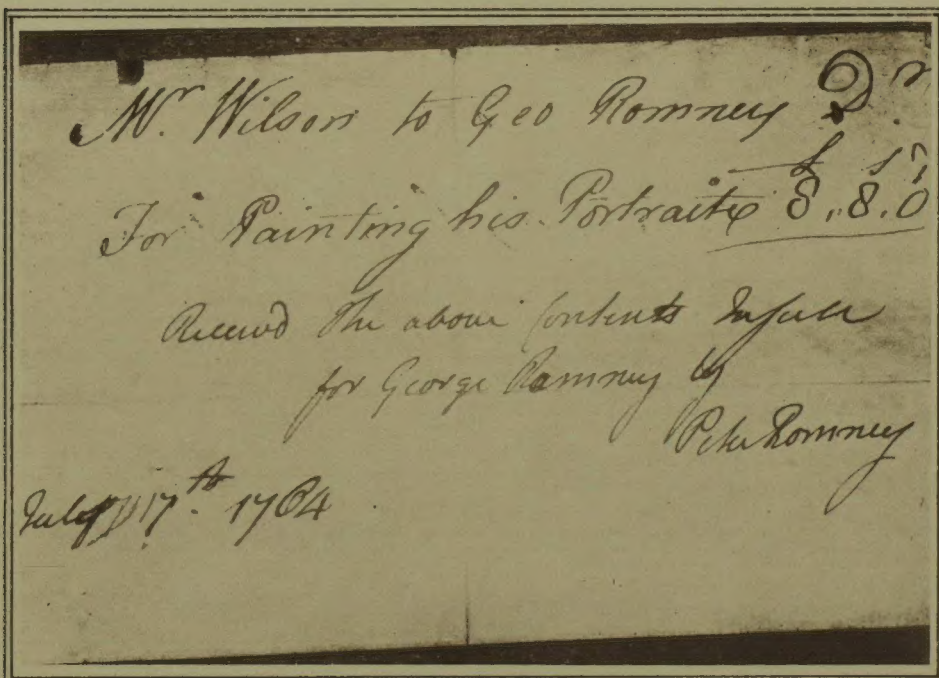
There are no distinguishing marks between the male and female in the Spotted Flycatcher, and the dull grey colour is probably an ancestral character.



A MOTOR-CAR EXPLOSION AND FIRE IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENE (FAR BELOW) TAKEN FROM THE TWENTIETH STOREY OF A SKYSCRAPER.



HENRY THE EIGHTH'S "NEWE WYNE SELLER" AT HAMPTON COURT RECENTLY RESTORED AND OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: A 60-FT. CELLAR WITH GROINED ROOF AND PILLARS SUPPORTING THE GREAT WATCHING CHAMBER ABOVE.



THE ORIGINAL RECEIPT FOR £8 8s. FOR A ROMNEY PORTRAIT RECENTLY SOLD FOR £760: A DOCUMENT SIGNED FOR THE ARTIST BY HIS BROTHER ON JULY 17, 1764.

Visitors to Hampton Court can now see the "Newe Wyne Seller," built for King Henry VIII. in 1535, which was recently opened to the public. It is a lofty cellar, 60 ft. long by 30 ft. wide, with a fine groined and vaulted roof supported by stone pillars beneath the Great Watching Chamber. At the end of the seventeenth century it was divided into separate cellars, whose partitions have now been removed. Leading down from it is a flight of stairs at the foot of which, some years ago, were found several bottles of very old canary. The "Newe Seller" also communicates with the old "Drinking House"—a kind of bar where Shakespeare and his fellow players probably refreshed themselves when

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



AN OPEN-AIR BAPTISM OF CONVERTED MOHAMMEDANS AT BUCHAREST: DR. MIRON CRISTEA, PATRIARCH OF RUMANIA, BAPTIZING A WOMAN STANDING IN A LARGE TUB OF WATER.



A PICTURE RECENTLY SOLD FOR £13,000: SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF THOMAS HENRY RUMBOLD, PAINTED IN JULY 1789. (50 IN. BY 40 IN.)

acting at the Palace.—At Sotheby's on May 12 Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Thomas Henry Rumbold, son of Sir Thomas Rumbold, was bought by Messrs. Gooden and Fox for £13,000. At the same sale an early portrait by George Romney, of Councillor James Wilson, of Kendal, was bought by Mr. R. Henniker Heaton for £760, along with the original receipt for the eight guineas Romney received for painting it. Before coming to London Romney practised for five years at Kendal, where his average fee for a picture was about two guineas! His brother Peter, who signed this receipt for him, also painted portraits. He lived at Ipswich and Cambridge, was imprisoned for debt in 1774, and died early.

PRESERVING A "WESTMINSTER ABBEY" OF CANADIAN INDIANS:

REMARKABLE TOTEM POLES NOW UNDER GOVERNMENT CARE.



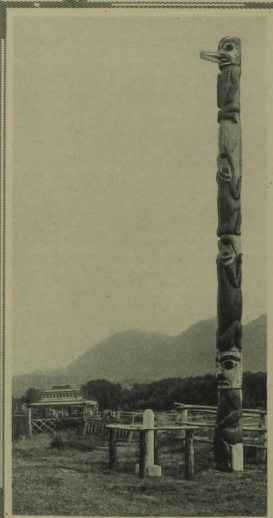
1. NOT IDOLS, BUT MEMORIAL COLUMNS, CARVED WITH EMBLEMS OF BROTHERHOODS, CLANS, AND FAMILIES: TOTEM POLES AT KITWANGA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, INCLUDING A 40 FT. "WOLF POLE" (4TH FROM RIGHT).



2. CARVED WITH FIGURES OF BEARS: A TOTEM POLE COMMEMORATING A LEGEND OF A WOMAN CARRIED OFF BY A BEAR.



5. THE WHITE MAN'S ART ASSOCIATED WITH THAT OF THE RED MAN: A TOMBSTONE MADE FOR AN INDIAN, WITH EMBLEMS FROM THE TOTEM POLE BEHIND.



6. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TOMBSTONE (IN NO. 5) WITH THE WHOLE TOTEM POLE BEHIND IT, AND A GRAVE-HOUSE (LEFT BACKGROUND).



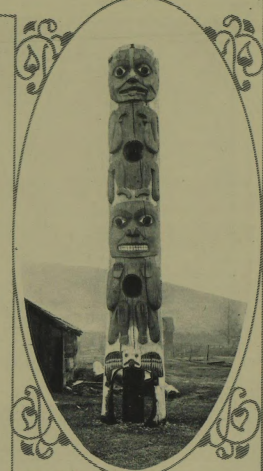
7. REMARKABLE FIGURES ON A TOTEM POLE: A TYPE OF MONUMENT USUALLY ERECTED BY A NEPHEW, WHO INHERITS THE DEAD MAN'S NAME.

THE following account of these quaint symbols of Indian history and primitive art, which are being preserved and guarded by the Canadian Government, has been written by Mr. Harlan I. Smith, of the Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa, one of the members of the Commission appointed to carry out the work. "The Indian totem poles of the Pacific coast of Canada have long been neglected. Many have fallen and decayed. . . . But now a change has come. During the past two years, the Canadian Government has been active in trying to save them. . . . Though large and rough, totem poles are of great interest to the scientific student of totemism, anthropology, and social organisation. . . . The work of preservation and re-erection was begun in 1925 at Kitwanga, in British Columbia, under the Canadian Government's Totem Pole Committee. This Committee has had the whole-hearted support of the Canadian National Railways, especially of its president, Sir Henry Thornton. The totem poles are not gods or idols, as some have thought, but memorial columns carved from a red cedar tree carefully selected and brought to the village. They are made usually with figures arranged one above another, and representing men, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, starfish, and even inanimate objects. These are the emblems of brotherhoods, clans, and families. They illustrate the family history and legends. A totem pole is erected as part of a funeral ceremony after the death of an important person, usually by one of a sister's children. . . . who inherits the name of the deceased and the seat of honour connected with the name—not a son, as among ourselves, but usually a nephew. . . . A carver on the father's side of the family is

(Continued opposite.)

employed to make the pole. . . . At Kitwanga there are eighteen totem poles and two single totem figures. One represents a mountain lion, the other a crab. . . . In recent years some of the Indians have been using tombstones bought from white men in place of, or in addition to, totem poles (Photographs Nos. 5 and 6). Many of these show some of the same emblems as those on the totem poles. . . . One pole at Kitwanga, which is 41 ft. high, is named Oanom Keebu, 'Pole of Wolf' (fourth from right in Fig. 1). It was erected in memory of a man having the title, 'We Clots,' 'Large White Fish.' He belonged to the Lakebu, 'Wolf Brotherhood.' The present (1926) holder of the name 'We Clots,' is known to the white people as Jacob Morgan. The figures on the pole, from the top down, are as follows: Keebu, 'Wolf,' standing horizontally; Hpeesunt, a woman with her two children, half-bear and half-human; Keebu, 'Wolf,' with the head down; Techum Smah, 'Ensnared Bear,' also represented on the totem poles on each side of this one (Figs. 1 and 2), which belong to the same brotherhood; Keebu, 'Wolf,' again with its head down, and another Techum Smah, 'Ensnared Bear.' The story illustrated by these three poles is as follows: 'A chief of the Lakebu, "Wolf Brotherhood," had a beautiful daughter, named Hpeesunt, and two sons, one named Akteesh. Hpeesunt mocked at the bears. The bears in human form pursued her; but one of their leaders, a grizzly bear, protected her, and took her up to his den. She changed into a bear and bore him twin sons, half-human and half-bear. Meanwhile her brother constantly searched for her. . . . At last she saw Akteesh searching for her on the mountain far below. She made

(Continued below.)



3. A TOTEM POLE AT KITWANGA: ONE OF THE QUAIN SYMBOLS OF INDIAN ART RE-CONSTRUCTED FOR PRESERVATION.



4. SAID TO BE THE FIRST MOUNTAIN-LION CARVED BY INDIANS OF KITWANGA: A TOTEM FIGURE IN MEMORY OF A MAN NAMED AKTEESH ("HAVING-NO-FAT-ON-HIM"), OF THE WOLF BROTHERHOOD.



8. A SPLIT BEAVER: ONE OF THE SYMBOLIC ANIMAL FIGURES ON A TOTEM POLE (SEEN ABOVE THE HEAD OF THE HUMAN FIGURE AT THE FOOT OF THE SECOND POLE FROM THE RIGHT IN NO. 1).



9. A HUMAN FIGURE ON A TOTEM POLE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF CHIEF JIM LAKNITZ (THE CARVER OF NO. 4) AT KITWANGA: A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF INDIAN CARVING IN RED CEDAR WOOD FOR COMMEMORATIVE PURPOSES.

Continued.] a snowball and threw it down. He picked it up and observed the impression of her fingers. He found her in the bear's den, killed the bear, and took his sister and her bear-children home. They helped their uncles in hunting and enabled the family of Akteesh to be prosperous in snaring bears. . . . No. 4, which is a totem figure, not a pole, represents Hahae, 'Mountain-lion,' and was carved by Chief Jim Laknitz. It was mounted on a platform in memory of, Akteesh ('Having-no-fat-on-him'). . . . In 1925, the name was borne by a man known to the white people as Charlie Derrick. This is said to be the first mountain-lion ever carved by the Indians of Kitwanga. The story of this figure is as follows: Long ago a man-killing mountain-lion came up from the coast, killing many Indians in the lower Skeena valley. . . . A chief named We Clots led some warriors of the Lakebu brotherhood, who found the beast at Squishat and killed it. . . . The family to which the warriors belonged took a mountain-lion as one of its emblems. . . . To win the confidence of the Indians and their consent to the preservation work was the most difficult task. . . . I quickly discovered that the owners of these poles had objections to our touching them. . . .

One young man said: 'These poles are monuments like grave-stones, and we do not want a show made of them for white people to stare at.' So I told him of Nelson's Monument, of monuments to those who fell in the recent war, and especially of Westminster Abbey. Only greatly honoured people were allowed to be buried there. . . . The Kitwanga poles formed the Westminster Abbey of the Indians of Kitwanga, but the totem poles were of wood, and I was afraid they would fall, and become dust of the earth. . . . In the actual preservation of the decaying totem poles, we had the advice of Mr. T. B. Campbell, special engineer of the Canadian National Railways. . . . Of the eighteen totem poles and two totem figures at Kitwanga, the Indians gave permission for the preservation of sixteen of the poles and both of the figures. This work at Kitwanga was finished last September. The eighteen poles at Gitsguyula will next receive attention; later those at Kistela Canyon. . . . There are four standing, and three fallen poles at Hazelton, four standing at Hagwilget, twenty-three at Kispiox, and about twenty-eight at Kitwanoocoo—a total of over one hundred, all within fifteen miles of the Canadian National Railway."

FISH PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER WATER: STRANGE DENIZENS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. W. H. LONGLEY AND CHARLES MARTIN. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC



1. A YELLOW-FINNED GROUPEE (*MYCTEROPERCA VENENOSA*): THE FISH PASSING FROM THE SHELTER OF ONE CORAL HEAD TO ANOTHER, OFF THE FLORIDA KEYS.



2. A TRUNKFISH (*LACTOPHYRUS TRIQUETER*) ABOUT TO BLOW SAND AWAY FROM ITS FEEDING-PLACE, ACCOMPANIED BY SIX SMALL SLIPPERY DICKS (*HALICHOERES BIVITTATUS*); (ON RIGHT) A YELLOWTAIL.



3. A RAZOR FISH (*XYRICHTHYS PSITTACUS*), ABOVE HIS CORAL DEN: A FISH THAT WITH ITS MOUTH HEAPS UP BITS OF DEAD CORAL ENCLOSING A CRATER, IN WHICH IT HIDES FROM FOES.



4. BLACK ANGEL FISHES (*POMACANTHUS ARCUATUS*) SWIMMING TOGETHER ON THE OPEN REEF: CURIOUSLY SHAPED CREATURES OF THE TROPICAL SEAS MOVING ALONG THE OCEAN FLOOR.



5. TUFTED HEADS OF WORMS PROTRUDING FROM A SMALL CORAL: TYPES OF MARINE LIFE WHOSE HABITAT IS GAY WITH COLOUR, THE WORMS BEING VARIEGATED, AND THE CORAL OFTEN BRILLIANT YELLOW.



6. A RED PARROT FISH MOMENTARILY STANDING ERECT, PERHAPS TO TAKE AN OBSERVATION: THE FISH SEEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF "SEA FEATHERS" (FINELY BRANCHING GORGONIANS).

OF TROPIC SEAS AT LARGE IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS.

MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON). ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (U.S.A.). (SEE ALSO COLOUR PAGES.)



7. TWO SPECIMENS OF GOLD-BROWED GNATHYPOPS (*GNATHYPOPS AURIFRONS*): THE FISH FEEDING, BUT READY TO RETREAT, TAIL FOREMOST, INTO THEIR BURROWS ON THE LEAST ALARM.



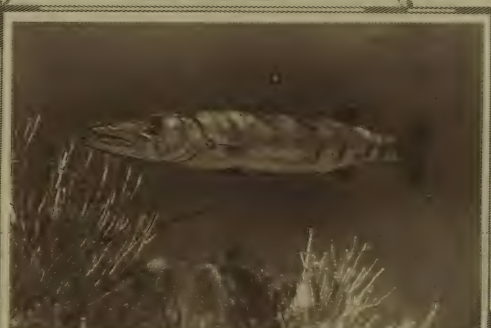
8. GRAY SNAPPERS, IN MASSED FORMATION, IN FRONT OF A GREAT ORBICELLA HEAD AND BELOW A BROAD SEA-FAN: A TYPICAL GROUP, EVER-CHANGING AS THE LEADERS TURN AND JOIN THE REAR.



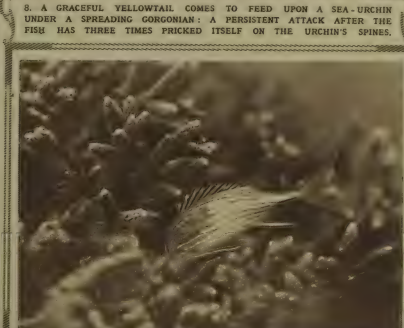
9. A NASSAU GROUPEE (*EPINEPHELUS STRIATUS*), ONE OF THE SEA BASSES: A SHAPELY REPRESENTATIVE OF ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FAMILIES OF FOOD FISHES.



10. A GRACEFUL YELLOWTAIL COMES TO FEED UPON A SEA-URCHIN UNDER A SPREADING GORGONIAN: A PERSISTENT ATTACK AFTER THE FISH HAS THREE TIMES PRICKED ITSELF ON THE URCHIN'S SPINES.



11. A GREAT BARRACUDA, DWARFING THE "SHRUBBERY" OF THE REEF BOTTOM: THE "TIGER OF THE SEA," ONE OF WHOSE TRIBE A FEW YEARS AGO KILLED A WOMAN SWIMMER.



12. A SQUIRREL FISH (*HOLOCENTRUS ASCENSIONIS*): ONE OF THE NOCTURNAL SWIMMERS THAT HIDE IN THE REEF BY DAY—DARTING INTO THE SHELTER OF A PATCH OF STAGHORN CORAL.

On another double-page we reproduce some of the first natural-colour photographs ever taken under the sea—by Dr. W. H. Longley, a well-known American ichthyologist, and Mr. Charles Martin, photographer to the National Geographic Society. Above are further examples of their work off the Florida Keys. Describing some of these fishes, Dr. Longley writes: "At noon the timorous squirrel fishes, whose great eyes and conspicuous shyness prove them creatures of night, are hugging their shelters close, except when the sucking ground-swell, tugging them alternately this way and that, for comfort drives them from hiding (Illustration No. 12). . . . I have noticed for years coral fragments lying in patches on some of the bare, gravelly bottoms. They have been as great a mystery to me—yes, a greater mystery—than Stonehenge is to archaeologists. But at last, in glassy calm shortly after noon at full high tide, I passed over acres of bottom where from the launch I could see regularly drawn circles in all stages of construction. . . . Over scores of them I saw hovering, just above the bottom, each within or beside its stony rampart, a single fish of a common species (No. 5). At once I knew these puzzling structures, at least in

part, for what they are. They are built by one of the razor fishes, deep and compressed creatures, whose head from snout to nape is sharpened to so thin an edge that they dive readily out of sight beneath the sand. They hide there at night, and commonly lurk there during the day. . . . There is a great coral patch far up Loggerhead Shoal which I often visit. After a little the beady-eyed *Gnathypops aurifrons* (No. 3) raises its yellow face here and there from the mouth of its burrow, and then, if nothing further happens to disturb it, its pearly blue-grey body follows. . . . Where the *Gnathypops* villages are I may find the shellfish, or trunkfish (No. 2), whose whole body, by the fusion of this hexagonal plates in the skin, is enclosed in inflexible armour. Only the jaws, eyes, fins, and tail are movable (an arrangement that obliges the fish to stand on its head to feed from the bottom. It goes round in this strange pose, directing a strong water current through its tubular snout, and thus blowing its food free from dust. It is accompanied usually by a band of small fishes, which prey upon the things the larger uncovers."

MODERN PROPHETS AND THEIR ILLUSIONS.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO**,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

IT is ten years since the Russian Empire collapsed. After having proclaimed a Republic in the month of April, Russia endeavoured for six months to make the way to

most obscure, and those which are most difficult to express. He sometimes reminds one of Dante; a modern Dante, placed in the centre of a vaster, more varied, and more cultivated world, who had at his disposal richer materials for the creation of metaphors.

But that great creator of images understood nothing about politics. . . . Is there anything to surprise us in that coincidence? It is true that images are also an instrument of politics. Great statesmen have never disdained

picturesque and striking imagery to help them to express themselves with fewer words and greater force. Bismarck, for example, created some images which professional literary men would not despise. But ultimately there is no affinity between the imagination which creates metaphors and that which creates political situations. A great poet is nearly always a bad politician; a great statesman is hardly ever a poet.

There is, therefore, nothing strange in Nietzsche's case. We should only have classed him in the numerous family of eccentric geniuses if the great ambition of this philosopher-poet had not been to create a political theory

which would transform the world. Philosophy, although it appears to be detached from the world and from its vulgar interests, is often only politics in disguise; for behind

attack or defend the authorities without saying so, and sometimes without being aware of it, the terrible Friedrich has spoken clearly and without consideration for consequences. He was not a mere philosopher, he was also a poet. His philosophy, ornamented by so much dazzling imagery, constitutes an almost defiant vindication of despotism, and a merciless demolition of liberal doctrines and institutions. The view of the world in which Tsarist Russia appeared as the only solid State in Europe was not a hallucination of a poet, but the logical conclusion of a system of ideas. If that system were true, then Russia should have been the only solid State in Europe, the only one which could wait and could promise something to the world. Inspired by the ardour of his convictions, the poet did not for an instant hesitate to prophesy that this would be so.

It was not so. Despite its immense size, Russia was the most feeble of all the great European States, the State which had least to expect and nothing to promise. The little European States whose "miserable manias" Nietzsche so much despised were far more solid. Although they were not "anti-liberal to the point of wickedness," they were able to save throughout the most violent of cyclones the institutions which the cyclone has uprooted in Russia. Suddenly, under the brutal contradiction of events, the political and social doctrine of this poet, gone astray in a solitary prophetism, shows itself at its true value: a brilliant conceit, but without consistency.

One may even go further. Nietzsche is by no means an isolated case, although we do not find the same splendour of style in most of the other writers who sought to impose the vagaries of their imagination upon us as regenerative doctrines. It would seem as if, during the last fifty years, the human mind had been that of an escaped school-boy. Under what severe discipline it had lived until the end of the eighteenth century! At that time it had not only to respect God, the King, the Church and the State, but it might not even play with the most innocent ideas except under the strict supervision of its superiors. Shortly before the French Revolution, a Minister reminded Kant that the Government alone had the right to decide whether a philosophy were true; and Wolff suppressed certain criticisms of Homer in one of his books, for fear of having trouble. To doubt that Homer was perfect, or to prefer a less celebrated poet to him, was at that time enough to constitute a revolt against authority!

Liberated from all these prohibitions and surveillances during the second half of the nineteenth century, the human mind became intoxicated with its liberty and developed a great taste for a new game, which consists in daily

(Continued on page 920.)



A SURFACE FLASHLIGHT FOR UNDER-SEA COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY: A TRIANGULAR FLOAT CARRYING THE POWDER (CENTRE) WITH A WHITE REFLECTOR OVERHEAD, AND AN ELECTRIC BATTERY (RIGHT) CONNECTED TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE SEA-FLOOR.

the West the road to her future; but the despotism of the Tsars had for too long a time suppressed the social forces which might have endowed her with representative institutions. After six months, the unimaginable suddenly became reality: the most radical of Karl Marx's disciples cut short the attempts at liberalism and obliged Russia to return to the East. The dictatorship of the proletariat was to become the new formula under which the absolutism of the Tsars would continue, only a little attenuated, enfeebled, a little humanised and reversed. Those who were oppressed yesterday became the masters, and the former masters descended to the rank of victims. Bolshevik Russia was to become the bugbear of the West; but in future she would never be more than a shadow of what the Russia of the Tsars had been.

A few weeks since, when I was calling up in memory the events of that time, chance placed in my hands an old book I had read twenty years ago: "The Twilight of the Idols," by Friedrich Nietzsche. In turning its pages I came across a passage which the staggering events of 1917 have placed in singular relief. Before the Russian catastrophe took place, this passage might have remained unnoticed, among so many other paradoxes of that brilliant writer; but it has become a kind of ironical commemoration of the defunct Empire, and it is worth while to pause for a moment to consider it.

"In order that there may be institutions," wrote the prophet of absolutism in 1888, "it is necessary that there should be a sort of will, instinctive, imperious, anti-liberal to the point of wickedness, a traditional, authoritative and responsible will, based on centuries of solidarity, which is interwoven through the past and future centuries alike *ad infinitum*. When that will exists, something in the nature of the *imperium romanum* is founded; or, like Russia, the sole power which to-day can hope to last, which can afford to wait, which can still promise something—Russia, the opposite idea to that miserable mania of the little European States, and of that European nervousness which the foundation of the German Empire has caused to enter on its critical period. . . ."

We know now what hope of lasting the Empire of the Tsars had in reality, how long it was able to wait, what it could promise the world. . . . I drew the attention of three of Nietzsche's greatest admirers to this passage, which has been so cruelly falsified; and all three answered me with a smile: "Nietzsche was a great poet, but he understood nothing about politics." It seems to me that no better answer is possible. Nietzsche is one of the greatest creators of universal literature. Few writers have created so many new, picturesque, and striking images which sink deeply into the mind. He found these images for all ideas, even for the most abstract ones, the

most obscure, and those which are most difficult to express. He sometimes reminds one of Dante; a modern Dante, placed in the centre of a vaster, more varied, and more cultivated world, who had at his disposal richer materials for the creation of metaphors. But that great creator of images understood nothing about politics. . . . Is there anything to surprise us in that coincidence? It is true that images are also an instrument of politics. Great statesmen have never disdained picturesque and striking imagery to help them to express themselves with fewer words and greater force. Bismarck, for example, created some images which professional literary men would not despise. But ultimately there is no affinity between the imagination which creates metaphors and that which creates political situations. A great poet is nearly always a bad politician; a great statesman is hardly ever a poet. There is, therefore, nothing strange in Nietzsche's case. We should only have classed him in the numerous family of eccentric geniuses if the great ambition of this philosopher-poet had not been to create a political theory which would transform the world. Philosophy, although it appears to be detached from the world and from its vulgar interests, is often only politics in disguise; for behind the abstruse questions which it discusses, anxiety for an authority in its decline, or ambition for a rising authority, nearly always lies hidden. Why, for instance, did the nineteenth-century philosophy discuss the question of knowledge so continually? Why was it that the epoch which saw the greatest prodigies of the human mind was seized with ever-recurring doubts as to the value of Reason? Because the fate of the old and new powers that were in conflict during the whole of the nineteenth century was bound up in these questions which in appearance were theoretical. If the world can be governed by Reason alone, all the mystical elements will end by being eliminated from directing functions; if, on the contrary, Reason cannot govern the world by itself, those elements will still be required in a greater or less degree.

But if philosophers in general



THE EXPLOSION OF A POUND OF MAGNESIUM POWDER OFF DRY TORTUGAS ISLAND, FLORIDA KEYS, TO SUPPLEMENT THE SUNLIGHT FOR AN UNDER-SEA PHOTOGRAPH: THE MOMENT OF DETONATION ON THE TRIANGULAR FLOAT BUILT TO SAVE BOATMEN FROM NERVE-RACKING SUSPENSE.

Describing the methods employed for the first natural-colour photographs of fishes ever taken under-sea (as illustrated in colour on pages 910-911 of this number, and black and white on pages 902-903), the "National Geographic Magazine" says: "A pound of magnesium powder was used for every charge. The ignition of such an amount of dazzling explosive on a dory piloted by two men, forced to follow the shadowy movements of the diver with his camera below, was more than human nerves could stand. Sometimes the men in the boat had to wait two or three hours, every moment anticipating the blinding and deafening detonation. They could never know at what instant the diver would find his quarry in the desired position. To overcome this nerve-racking suspense, three small pontoons were constructed to support a dry-cell battery, the flash-light powder, and the reflector. The contrivance, floating upon the surface, could be handled by the diver himself, leaving the men in the dory free to follow their colleague under sea at a safe and comfortable distance." Photographs by Charles Martin. Reproduced by Special Permission of the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington). Copyright by National Geographic Society.

THE TRADE UNIONS BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: A DEMONSTRATION.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



AFTER THE PRIME MINISTER HAD MOVED A RESOLUTION SETTING DOWN A TIME-TABLE FOR THE REMAINING STAGES OF THE TRADE DISPUTES AND TRADE UNIONS BILL: THE LABOUR PARTY, LED BY MR. J. R. CLYNES, WALK OUT.

On Monday, May 16, after the Home Secretary had made a statement concerning the Arcos raid, Mr. Baldwin moved a resolution setting down a time-table for the remaining stages of the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill. Mr. Clynes made a vehement speech of protest, saying, amongst other things, that "bearing in mind the nature of the Bill to which the motion related and the circumstances in which the House met, the speech of the Prime Minister could not be beaten

for cool, unexampled audacity." After he had finished, he walked out of the House, followed by the other members of the Labour Party. In the front row in the drawing are seen (right to left) Mr. J. R. Clynes, Mr. V. Hartshorn, Mr. A. V. Alexander, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. A. A. W. H. Ponsonby, and Professor H. B. Lees Smith. In the next row are seen Mr. G. Lansbury (last but one on left), Mr. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, and Commander Kenworthy.

THE ARCOS RAID: POLICE SEARCH FOR A MISSING STATE DOCUMENT.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RAIDED PREMISES IN MOORGATE, BUILT FOR ARCOS, LTD., AT A COST OF OVER £300,000: PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE CITY.



THE ENTRANCE OF 49, MOORGATE, SHARED BY ARCOS, LTD., AND THE RUSSIAN TRADE DELEGATION, DURING THE RAID: CITY POLICE ON GUARD AT THE DOOR.



THE HOME SECRETARY, WHO AUTHORISED APPLICATION FOR A SEARCH WARRANT: SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.



THE SOVIET TRADE AGENT IN BRITAIN, WHO CLAIMED DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY: M. KHINCHUK.



THE SOVIET CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, WHO PROTESTED TO THE FOREIGN SECRETARY: M. ROSENGOLZ.



HEAD OF THE SPECIAL BRANCH OF SCOTLAND YARD: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, WHO VISITED THE ARCOS BUILDING DURING THE RAID.



DURING THE RAID, WHEN THE STAFF OF ARCOS, LTD., WERE DETAINED FOR A TIME IN THE CORRIDORS: MEMBERS OF THE CITY POLICE ON GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE.



AN INSPECTOR OF THE CITY POLICE QUESTIONING CALLERS AT THE OFFICES OF ARCOS, LTD., IN MOORGATE: AN INCIDENT DURING THE RAID.

On May 12 the police raided the offices of Arcos, Ltd., the well-known Russian company in Moorgate. In a statement to the House of Commons on the 16th, the Home Secretary (Sir William Joynson-Hicks) said: "The information sent to me by the Secretary for War satisfied me that a certain official document was, or had been, improperly in the possession of a person employed in the premises occupied by Arcos at 49, Moorgate. . . . In view of that information, I consulted the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, and, with their knowledge and assent, I authorised the police to apply to the magistrates for a warrant under the Official Secrets Act to search the premises. The building is shared by Arcos,

Ltd., and the Russian Trade Delegation, and there is free intercommunication. The warrant accordingly authorised search of the premises occupied by Arcos, Ltd., and the Trade Delegation. The document in question was not found, but the police have taken possession of certain papers." When the raid began, the Arcos staff, numbering over 1000, were marshalled in the corridors, but most of the women employees were allowed to leave after about an hour. M. Rosengolz, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, sent a letter of protest to the Foreign Secretary, claiming diplomatic immunity for M. Khinchuk, the official Soviet Trade Agent in Great Britain. The police finished their search and left the building on May 16.

ARCOS AFTER THE RAID: CONCRETE WALLS PIERCED; SAFES FORCED.



HOW THE POLICE BROKE INTO ONE OF THE STRONG-ROOMS AT THE ARCOS OFFICES: A HOLE BORED THROUGH THE CONCRETE WALL BY A PNEUMATIC DRILL.



ANOTHER STRONG-ROOM IN THE ARCOS BUILDING FORCIBLY ENTERED BY THE POLICE ON THE REFUSAL OF KEYS: A HOLE DRILLED THROUGH THE WALL, AND DÉBRIS ON THE FLOOR.



A SECRET SAFE CONCEALED BEHIND OAK, PANELLING: A DISCOVERY BY THE POLICE IN A ROOM SAID TO BE THAT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE RUSSIAN TRADE DELEGATION.



SHOWING PERFORATIONS MADE WITH OXY-ACETYLENE DRILLS: A SAFE FORCED BY THE POLICE IN A ROOM DESCRIBED AS THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF M. KHINCHUK, THE SOVIET TRADE AGENT.

These photographs were taken at the offices of Arcos, Ltd., 49, Moorgate, after the police raid (illustrated opposite), which began on May 12, and ended about midnight on May 15. As the keys of two strong rooms belonging to the Russian Trade Delegation were refused, on a claim of diplomatic immunity, it was decided to enter them by force, and powerful pneumatic drills were used, with oxy-acetylene apparatus for perforating safes. Describing some of the operations, the "Times" said: "As a result of nearly two hours' work with a pneumatic pick, a hole was cut in the brick and concrete wall of a strong-room. The police entered, and inspected the contents. . . . The Arcos building was

specially built for the Soviet at a cost of more than £300,000. It is doubtful whether there are more massive strong-rooms outside the Bank of England than were found here. They are part of the main building, and consist of very thick concrete walls and thick steel doors with elaborate locks and bolts. Within these doors are heavy steel safes. In other parts of the building are other massive steel safes built in the wall behind oak panelling." The Home Secretary said that he would be in a position, on May 19, to give a fuller account of the affair than his statement of the 16th in the House of Commons, to which we have referred on the opposite page.

AMERICA'S "GREATEST DISASTER IN PEACE TIME": MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.



LIKE ATLANTIC ROLLERS: THE SURGING WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI POURING OVER A BREAK IN THE EMBANKMENTS BETWEEN NEW ORLEANS AND BATON ROUGE, A TYPICAL SCENE OF THE VAST INUNDATIONS THAT HAVE SPREAD OVER AN AREA NEARLY THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF HOLLAND.



A MAN-MADE BREAK IN THE EMBANKMENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE FLOOD FROM OVERWHELMING NEW ORLEANS: THE THIRD EXPLOSION IN THE DYNAMITING OF THE LEVEE AT POYDRAS, CARRIED OUT BY ENGINEERS (WATCHING IN THE BACKGROUND) TO DIVERT THE WATERS FROM THE CITY.

The vast inundation of the Mississippi and its tributaries has spread further havoc. On May 15 it was reported that massed floods from thirteen submerged parishes in Upper Louisiana had burst through the Bayou des Glaives levees in a score of places, and that the Mississippi levees themselves were threatening to break in six or seven places between Angola and New Orleans. "Rushing with terrific speed through the broken barriers of the Bayou des Glaives [says a later account in the "Times"], a wall of water from 10 to 20 ft. high, and as wide as from Gravesend to London Bridge, is spreading ruin in Southern Louisiana. The roar of the flood can be heard for miles." Mr. Hoover, the United States

Secretary of Commerce, said of the general situation: "We should know the worst of this, our greatest national disaster in peace time, during the coming week. We believe that there will be no serious loss of life, but still further breaches in the levees of this region are extremely probable." The Director of Flood Relief in Louisiana, Mr. Parker, formerly Governor of that State, said in a recent appeal to the American people: "The Mississippi Valley is the richest known section on the globe, and the flooded area, over 30,000 square miles, is nearly three times larger than all Holland." A gap was blasted in the levee at Poydras, near New Orleans, to save that city from the menace of almost complete destruction.

The Academy "Masterpiece" in Portraiture: Orpen at his Best.

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"MISS PENELOPE LAWRENCE, M.A.," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.: A MEMORABLE ACADEMY PORTRAIT OF THE EX-HEADMISTRESS AND JOINT FOUNDER OF ROEDEAN SCHOOL.

Sir William Orpen's painting of Miss Penelope Lawrence is regarded by many as the best portrait in the Academy. "As a portrait pure and simple," writes Mr. R. R. Tatlock (the art critic of the "Daily Telegraph"), "there is no doubt whatever that it is the masterpiece of this year's show. Here is Orpen at his best, which can be very good indeed. The swiftly manipulated, heavy, luscious pigment, worked with a powerful, impulsive touch, is effective in a sense not so

well understood by any other English artist, and the audacious colour scheme, depending on a striking yet subtle use of greys and whites, with a sudden flash of rich blue on the shoulder, is inimitable." Miss Lawrence is one of the three sisters who, in 1885, founded Roedean School, near Brighton, now one of our largest public schools for girls. She retired from the post of Headmistress in 1924. She is an M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and was once a lecturer at Newnham.

The First Natural Colour Photographs taken under the Sea: Autochromes of Fish in their Native Haunts along the Florida Keys.



GRAY SNAPPERS AMONG GORGONIANS: ALERT AND ACTIVE FISHES THAT ARE WARY YET BOLD. AND ASSUME ENDLESS KALEIDOSCOPIC GROUPINGS ACCORDING TO THE OBJECTS SURROUNDING THEM.



A RED PARROT FISH IN THE BRILLIANTLY COLOURED PHASE: A REEF DWELLER CHAMELEON-LIKE IN ITS CHANGES OF HUE, AND HERBIVOROUS, FEEDING ON SUBMARINE PLANTS.



A SAUCER-EYE PORGY BESIDE A LARGE BRAIN CORAL, WITH BRANCHED GORGONIANS AND BROWN STINGING PEPPER CORAL IN THE BACKGROUND: A FISH WITH A YELLOWISH FACE.



THE YELLOW AND BLACK PORKFISH: ONE OF THE GAUDIEST OF REEF FISHES, WHICH CHANGES COLOUR UNDER VARYING CONDITIONS, THE VERTICAL BLACK BANDS DISAPPEARING AT NIGHT.



HOGFISH IN THE BANDED PHASE, RESTING AMONG GORGONIANS (A KIND OF CORAL): A FISH THE DIVER CAN LEAD IN ANY DESIRED DIRECTION BY SCATTERING BITS OF SEA-URCHINS.

"These eight illustrations [says an article accompanying them in the "National Geographic Magazine"] are the first published natural-colour photographs made beneath the surface of the sea. They represent many weeks and months of experimentation by Dr. W. H. Longley, noted ichthyologist, of Goucher College, and Charles Martin, of the photographic laboratories of the National Geographic Society. The conditions encountered off Dry Tortugas, of the Florida Keys, necessitated the development of a special technique for this unique photographic undertaking, because the ordinary autochrome plate would not register the moving life under water. It was necessary to hypersensitise all plates used in shallow depths, so that the under-sea exposures might be reduced to a twentieth of a second. . . . It became necessary to supplement and intensify the sunlight. Mr. Martin, therefore, constructed a flashlight-powder mechanism which could be discharged by the submerged photographer at the exact moment of his funny subjects' best posings. The additional illumination made possible autochromes on plates which had not been hypersensitised. . . . Three small pontoons were constructed to support a dry-cell battery, the flashlight powder, and the reflector. The contrivance, floating upon the surface and guided here and yon, could be handled by the diver himself, leaving the men in the dory free to follow their colleague under sea at a safe and comfortable distance from the powerful explosive, yet near enough to maintain the necessary flow of air pumped to the man beneath the surface. The mere setting of the electrical connections, however, within a few feet of the big charge of powder was a hazardous undertaking. On one occasion Dr. Longley was seriously burned and incapacitated for six days by a premature explosion. . . . The camera used in making these autochromes was encased in a brass case with a plain glass 'window' in front of the lens. A supplementary hood was fitted above the regulation reflector, and by means of an acute-angle mirror the photographer was able to focus his instrument, looking directly in front of him instead of bending over the camera—a movement which would have been extremely difficult while wearing the diver's helmet. By untiring effort and patience came success in a new field of natural-colour photography." We may add that the National Geographic Society of Washington has some thousands of members in Great Britain.



GRAY SNAPPERS AND ONE YELLOW GOATFISH AMONG SEA FANS AND OTHER GORGONIANS: FISHES THAT FEED BY NIGHT AND REST BY DAY, MOVING SOMETIMES TO ESCAPE FOES.



TWO YELLOW AND ONE COMMON GRUNT (BELOW THEM): FISH SWIMMING OVER A SMALL HEAD OF BRAIN CORAL AND BEFORE MASSIVE ORBICELLA HEADS, WHERE SMALL FISHES SWARM.



FRENCH GRUNTS: FISHES WITH A FAMILY HABIT OF SCHOOLING AMONG GORGONIANS CORAL THAT HARDENS ON EXPOSURE TO THE AIR AND ESPECIALLY AMONG STAGHORN CORAL.



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Painted by James Watson.

36

ROYAL & ANCIENT.

The fairway of health leads down from the Highlands. For from out of their vastness came two things; the royal and ancient game, and the regal perfection and age-old purity of—

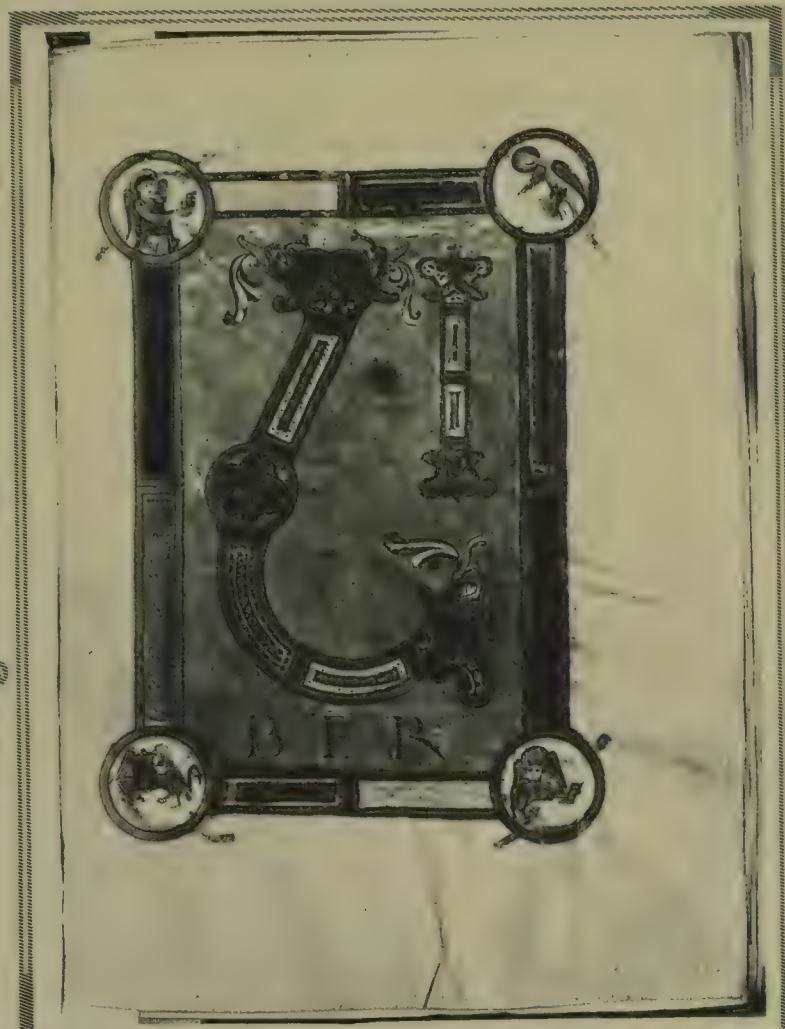
DEWAR'S

TREASURES FOR AUCTION: THE "ANHALT GOSPELS"; A GAINSBOROUGH.

NOS. 1 AND 2 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO. NOS. 3 AND 4 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



1. FROM ONE OF THE FINEST EARLY MANUSCRIPTS BROUGHT INTO THE MARKET FOR VERY MANY YEARS: ST. JOHN WRITING HIS BOOK—A MINIATURE FROM THE ANHALT GOSPELS.



2. EXQUISITE ILLUMINATION IN THE ANHALT GOSPELS, A SUPERB TENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT: THE FULL-PAGE INITIAL WORD "LIBER" OF ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, IN GOLD AND COLOUR.



3. THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIE'S: "JAMES CHRISTIE, ESQ.," A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1778 BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A., WHOSE BICENTENARY HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATED.



4. "PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY NICOLAES ELIASZ PICKENROY: A FINE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WORK ON PANEL (46½ BY 34½ IN.) INSCRIBED "AETATIS SUAE 21, ANNO 1632."

The Anhalt Gospels, from the library of the Dukes of Anhalt-Dessau, in whose possession the manuscript has been since before the sixteenth century, will be offered for sale at Sotheby's on May 31. It is described in the catalogue as "Evangelia Latina, a magnificent tenth-century manuscript on vellum, written in Saxony or Thuringia in a beautiful Carolingian minuscule hand. . . . No such magnificent early manuscript has come into the market for very many years." It includes beautiful full-page miniatures of each of the four Evangelists, faced by initials in gold and colours. That shown above (No. 2) is the word *liber* at the opening of St. Matthew's Gospel. The "L" is of gold and diaper

work with strap-work ending in grotesque heads.—One of the most interesting items in the sale of Old Masters announced for May 20 at Christie's was Gainsborough's portrait (No. 3, above) of the founder of that famous firm. "James Christie," we read, "was born at Perth in 1730. He served as a midshipman in the Navy, and later settled in London as assistant to an auctioneer in Covent Garden, named Annesley. About 1766 he started in business on his own account. . . . He died at his residence in Pall Mall on November 3, 1803." The two-hundredth anniversary of Gainsborough's baptism was celebrated at his birthplace, Sudbury, Suffolk, on May 14.



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AT OXFORD: M. GASTON DOUMERGUE (CENTRE) INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE UNIVERSITY O.T.C. AT ALL SOULS—SHOWING EARL HAIG (IN GROUP TO RIGHT)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE SCOTTISH WAR MEMORIAL AT JERUSALEM, A HOSTEL AND CHAPEL FOR DIVINITY STUDENTS: LORD ALLENBY ADDRESSING THE GATHERING ON THE HILL-SIDE



SECOND IN THE RACE OF FOURTEEN SAILING SHIPS FROM AUSTRALIA TO BRITISH PORTS: THE FINNISH FOUR-MASTED BARQUE, "HOUGOMONT," WHICH REACHED FALMOUTH IN 124 DAYS.



THE GAINSBOROUGH BI-CENTENARY: SIR FRANK DICKSEE, P.R.A., READING HIS EULOGY OF SUDBURY (SUFFOLK), A TOWN SAID TO BE



THE SPIRIT OF ANTIQUITY REVIVED IN THE ANCIENT GREEK STADIUM AT DELPHI: MODERN ATHLETES AS HOMERIC WARRIORS, IN CONTESTS OF ANTIQUE STYLE.



HOW THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE KEEPS GUARD IN THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT: A SANDBAG POST MANNED BY BRITISH TROOPS AT A JUNCTION OF CROSS-ROADS.

President Doumergue (whose arrival in England is illustrated elsewhere in this number) visited Oxford on May 17, accompanied by M. Briand. They were entertained to lunch at All Souls, and afterwards, in the Sheldonian Theatre, received the degree of D.C.L.—Field-Marshal Lord Allenby recently performed several ceremonies in connection with memorials of his campaign in Palestine. On May 6 he unveiled the Stone of Remembrance in the War Cemetery at Ramleh, near Jerusalem, at a spot close to his headquarters (at Bir Salem) in 1918. On the next day, in the morning he laid the foundation-stone of the Scottish War Memorial at Jerusalem, which will take the form of a hostel and chapel erected for divinity students by the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. In the afternoon he unveiled the principal memorial in the War Cemetery on Mount Scopus (illustrated in our last number).—To celebrate the centenary of the day (May 13, 1827) on which the Pickwick Club is recorded to have set out on its immortal journey, members of the Dickens Fellowship,

NEWS OF MANY MEMORABLE EVENTS.



LORD ALLENBY UNVEILING THE DEDICATION TABLET OF THE MEMORIAL (RIGHT BACKGROUND) IN THE WAR CEMETERY AT RAMLEH, NEAR JERUSALEM: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OCCASION.



THE GREAT PAINTER BESIDE THE STATUE (BY SIR BERTRAM MACKENNA) AT HIS BIRTHPLACE, THE ORIGINAL OF EATANSWILL, IN "PICKWICK."



ONE OF THE STRONG CONCRETE BLOCK-HOUSES CONSTRUCTED BY THE BRITISH FORCE FOR THE DEFENCE OF SHANGHAI: A MACHINE-GUN AND RIFLES PROTRUDING.

attired as Mr. Pickwick and his followers, made a pilgrimage from London to Rochester, on May 13, in the old stage-coach, "Commodore" driven by Mr. Bertram Mills. A Pickwickian function also took place on the 12th, at Sudbury (Suffolk), which claims to be Eatanswill; but the main festivities there were postponed on account of the Gainsborough bi-centenary celebrations on May 13 and 14. Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in May, 1727.—The big whaling ship, "C. A. Larsen," lately reached Wellington, New Zealand, after four months in the Antarctic, with a catch of over 540 whales.—The recent performance of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus in the ancient Greek theatre at Delphi was followed by athletic contests in antique style.—An express from Edinburgh to London was slowing down to enter Sheffield station, on May 14, when a light engine crossing points ran into it broadside on, and wrecked the dining-car and another. Three passengers and four of the staff were injured.



THE "PICKWICK" CENTENARY COACH DRIVE FROM LONDON TO ROCHESTER: THE OLD "COMMODORE" PASSING THE TOLLGATE INN, STROOD, WITH MEMBERS OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN COSTUME AS THE PICKWICK CLUB.



A WHALER THAT CAN "SWALLOW" WHALES: THE BOWS OF THE "C. A. LARSEN," SHOWING THE PORTION THAT IS LOWERED TO FORM A SLIPWAY ALONG WHICH THE CATCH IS HAULED ON DECK.



THE DINING-CAR OF AN EXPRESS AFTER AN ENGINE COLLIDED WITH IT AT SHEFFIELD: AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH PEOPLE SEATED AT THE POINT OF IMPACT ESCAPED.

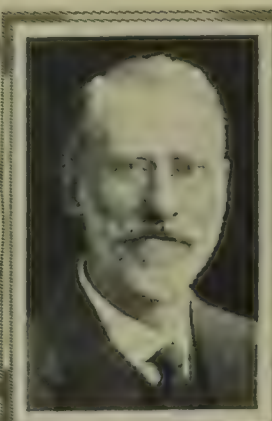
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. JOHN B. ASPINALL.
The newly appointed Remembrancer to the City of London. Now, in his official capacity, the link between Parliament and the City Fathers. A barrister of the Middle Temple.



PROFESSOR J. S. NICHOLSON, Sc.D.
(Born, Nov. 9, 1850; died, May 12.) Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh for forty-five years. An exceedingly prolific writer.



SIR F. EDWARDS, Bt.
(Born, April 28, 1852; died, May 10.) M.P. (R.) for Radnorshire, 1892-95, 1900-1910, and 1910-1918. Sheriff of Radnorshire, 1898. The Baronetcy becomes extinct.



ADMIRAL LORD WALTER KERR.
(Born, Sept. 28, 1839; died, May 12.) Entered the Navy in 1853; and was appointed Admiral of the Fleet in 1904. Held various important posts.



THE REV. A. H. CRUICKSHANK.
(Born, March 18, 1862; died, May 13.) Canon of Durham and Professor of Greek and Classical Literature in the University of Durham.



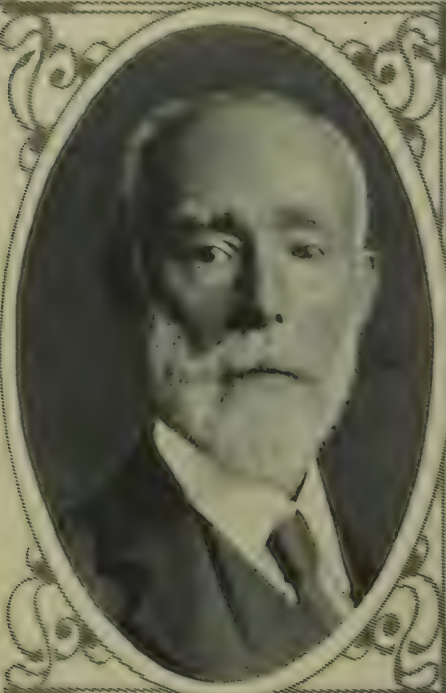
COUNTESS MARIE BEZZI-SCALI.
Engaged to Senator Marconi. The nineteen-year-old daughter of Count Francesco Bezzi-Scali, an officer of the Papal Guard. To marry in June.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON VISITING THE HERITAGE CRAFT SCHOOLS, AT CHAILEY, SUSSEX: HIS LORDSHIP RUNNING WITH THE MATRON DURING A GAME OF STOOL-BALL.



THE BRITISH ATTEMPT TO MAKE A 4000-MILE NON-STOP FLIGHT TO INDIA—IN ABOUT FORTY HOURS: FLIGHT-LIEUT. C. R. CARR (LEFT) AND FLIGHT-LIEUT. L. E. M. GILLMAN.



SIR SIDNEY COLVIN.
(Born June 18, 1845; died, May 11.) Art and literary critic and friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. A former Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum.



WINNERS AT THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF MEETING AT NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN: SCOTLAND.
From left to right (sitting): Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss M. J. Wood, Mrs. H. Percy, Miss D. Park; (standing) Mrs. Mellis, Miss H. Cameron, Miss J. McCulloch, Mrs. Kelway Bamber, and Miss J. Gow.



THE RT. REV. JOHN H. GREIG.
The Bishop of Gibraltar and Dean of St. Paul's Collegiate Church, Valetta, Malta. Has been appointed first Bishop of the new diocese of Guildford.

The Remembrancer to the City of London has a seat under the Gallery in the House of Commons, and it is his duty to report upon measures which may concern the interests of the City.—At various periods, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr was Second Lord, Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, and in command of the Channel Squadron. He served in the Baltic in 1854-55, and was with the Naval Brigade at the Relief and Battle of Lucknow.—The engagement of Senator Marconi and the Countess Marie Christine Bezzi-Scali was announced recently.—The Bishop of London visited the Heritage Craft Schools, of which he is President, on May 14. He held a Confirmation in the school chapel, and

dedicated various gifts. The crippled children made him several presents, including a dressing-gown, a tennis-racquet, and a stool-ball bat.—Flight-Lieutenant C. R. Carr, D.F.C., the pilot, is attached Air Staff, Air Defences of Great Britain. He was with Sir Ernest Shackleton during the voyage of the "Quest" to the Antarctic. Flight-Lieutenant L. E. M. Gillman, navigator and second pilot, is attached Air Staff Navigation Duties, Air Defences of Great Britain. He was Officer in charge of Navigation for the first Cape-to-Cairo and back to England flight in 1926.—Sir Sidney Colvin was Director, Fitzwilliam Museum, 1876-84; and Keeper of the Prints and Drawings, British Museum, 1884-1912.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS MEET AUSTRALIAN "BLACKS": QUEENSLAND SCENES.



A NATIVE DANCE OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES, DAUBED WITH WAR-PAINT AND ARMED WITH SPEARS, BOOMERANGS, AND WOOMERAHS, BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF THE CORROBOREE AT BEAUDESERT, NEAR BRISBANE.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS FACE TO FACE WITH TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN "BLACKS": INSPECTING SPECIMENS OF NATIVE BOOMERANGS AT THE BEAUDESERT CORROBOREE.



IN QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GUARD OF HONOUR WHEN SHE LEFT DENMARK FOR ENGLAND TO MARRY KING EDWARD: MR. HENDRIKSEN TELLING HIS STORY TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS, AT CLIFTON.



THE FINISH OF THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT ASCOT, BRISBANE: A RACE WON BY MEATROS, A 100-TO-1 CHANCE PRACTICALLY UNBACKED, DESPITE THE FACT THAT HIS DAM BORE THE AUSPICIOUS NAME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

These photographs illustrate a stage of the royal tour in Australia about a month before the great ceremony at Canberra. The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, on April 6. During the railway journey thither from Sydney the train stopped at various towns on and near the border, and at Clifton they met a Danish octogenarian, Mr. Hendriksen, who told them of his having been in the guard of honour mounted for Queen (then Princess) Alexandra when she left Denmark for England in 1863 to marry King Edward (then Prince of Wales). The Duke and Duchess were welcomed everywhere in

Queensland with great enthusiasm. On April 7 they went to the races at the Brisbane Ascot. During the week-end (April 9-11) they travelled out to Beaudesert, where for the first time they met real Australian aborigines and attended a native corroborree. The display included dances, boomerang-throwing, and spear-throwing from the ends of woomerahs (throwing-sticks) by a party of thirty blacks. One allowed his comrades to attack him at fifty yards with spears, which he skillfully deflected with his woomerah. There were also contests with wild cattle, and bareback cattle-riding by young bushmen.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

SYBIL THORNDIKE FOR PARIS.—A MANIFESTO TO OUR READERS.—DICKENS AND THE THEATRE.

THE World of the Theatre—in the true sense of the word—is abiding with tense expectation the great contest of histrionic art which, under the auspices of M. Firmin Gémier, Director of the Odéon and founder of "The Universal Society of the Theatre," is to be held at the end of May and in June. Many nations will be represented, and will give at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées a series of performances in their own languages and interpreted by their foremost actors.

England, I rejoice to say, will be splendidly represented by Miss Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Lewis Casson, and their company, in the performance of "Saint Joan." Miss Thorndike and Mr. Casson feel that this is an occasion to set all personal interests aside, to interrupt a provincial tour in order to give Paris—and all the world—a demonstration of the masterpiece of our greatest dramatist, with, as much as circumstances will permit, the same exponents who rendered the first production so memorable. An appeal is now being launched to all lovers of our theatre, to all who are jealous of our international repute, to subscribe a guarantee to safeguard against loss. But, even if not sufficient funds be forthcoming for the purpose, it may be anticipated that the voyage will prove a

Many great nations amongst whom dramatic art thrives and flourishes have promised their participation. The performances will take place at the following theatres: the Champs-Élysées, the Grand Theatre, the Comédie, and the Studio. Our subsidised theatres will also contribute towards this festival by giving performances of such plays as are most likely to convey to the foreign guests our notions and ideas of dramatic and lyrical art.

"The international Salon of Dramatic Art will have as its venue the hall of the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. The organisation is in the hands of Messrs. Gaston Baty and René Chavance. There will be on view the most modern stage models, scenic paintings, costumes, and rare documents relating to the theatrical world of France and other countries.

"As far as the international Congress is concerned, which will be held from the 15th until the 20th of June, that promises to be a 'live wire' indeed. According to the leaders of the Universal Society of the Theatre, there will come up for discussion points that will interest different branches of the dramatic art—for example, the authors include in their agenda their relationship with the impresarios; the *cachet* of recognition that might be given by the Universal Society to really artistic tours; the adaptation of works for foreign countries, and so on. Different producers will discuss their favourite subject, and the importance of their labours; the actors and their consultants will occupy themselves with the work of the different agencies; and all the different sections will consider in unison a wonderful idea—namely, the creation in every capital of a 'House of the Theatre,' where everyone connected with the dramatic art would feel at home, and where those that come from foreign parts would receive every information and assistance that could be of use to them during their sojourn.

"We fondly hope that this subject may appeal to many donors; happily we know of several benefactors who warmly interest themselves in such noble projects. It is easy to see the manifold advantages that would be bestowed upon the dramatic and lyrical arts by these efforts, especially when one considers that 'The Universal Society'

reunites not only one or two professions, but all the artists and technicians of all the branches of the theatre.

"The views that will be exchanged during the Congress between the different societies connected with the stage will give every country the advantage of profiting by the benefits that any nation may have achieved already by the solution of its own most important questions.

"But the material interests of those who live by the theatre should not be the only points to be

understanding of themselves and of their neighbours—an understanding leading towards wisdom and fraternal peace."

Of the making of books about Dickens there is no end, but Mr. J. B. Van Amerongen, in his study



"LADY LUCK," AT THE CARLTON THEATRE: MISS MADGE ELLIOTT AND MR. CYRIL RITCHARD AS PATIENCE AND TOMMY LESTER.



DRESSED FOR THE WEDDING: WYNDHAM BLEUGH (MR. LESLIE HENSON) AND THE SIX MORMON WIDOWS IN "LADY LUCK."

financial as well as a great artistic success. Paris awaits "Saint Joan" in English with intense interest; and not only Paris of the English, Americans, and the Cosmopolitans, but that *tout Paris* which vouchsafed a long run to "Sainte Jehanne" when it was so faithfully and so finely played in French by Mme. Pitoeff and her troupe. Since then the play has come to be considered a modern classic, and, as the difference of language offers no longer an obstacle, there are signs that, when the good news is officially announced, the Parisian will eagerly respond to the call.

Nor is this all. There runs a whisper through the theatrical world that another English actress of renown may be on the spot on May 28, when the Festival of the "Universal Society of the Theatre" is opened under the patronage of the French Minister of Fine Arts. M. Gémier is most desirous that on this date England—where he has many staunch supporters—should be *en vedette*. As I write, Miss Gladys Cooper is being invited to pay a flying visit to the French capital, and to "open the ball" with Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Letter." If that became a fact—and it seems almost too good to be true—we may well boast that in two splendid object-lessons the international community will learn how high is the standard of English histrionic art in the play of modern life as well as the historical drama.

Meanwhile M. Firmin Gémier has sent me a manifesto to the readers of *The Illustrated London News*, for which he begs the hospitality of this page. It runs as follows—

"The French Union of the Universal Society of the Theatre is organising several important events, namely, an international Festival, an international Salon of Dramatic and Lyrical Art, an international Congress of the Theatre.

"The international Festival begins in May, and will last until the first week in July. This will take the form of a universal exhibition of the theatre.



FUN-MAKERS IN CHIEF IN "LADY LUCK": MR. LESLIE HENSON AS WYNDHAM BLEUGH, MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AS JANE JUSTE, AND MR. LADDIE CLIFF AS BIFF MORTON.

envisaged. The spiritual and social benefits seem of even greater importance.

"The example which the greatest artists of the world will set each other by their participation in the festival will be the most earnest collaboration they could bring to the modern ideal. They will work in unison and harmony to find the common train of thought that will guide all peoples towards a better

of "The Actor in Dickens" (Cecil Palmer; 7s. 6d. net), is more than justified, for he has explored an almost virgin territory. He examines the evidence of the great Victorian's life-story, turns over the pages of his voluminous correspondence, looks at the records of his intimate associations with the theatre, discovers the stage business in his novels, and clearly establishes that Dickens's passion for the playhouse profoundly influenced his work. What a keen theatre-goer he was, and what a faculty he had for spotting talent on the stage! He discovered Irving, Lady Bancroft, Kate Terry, and Toole, and was consulted by Macready on questions concerning production. His own success as a reader of his own works was primarily due to his native gift for acting, and his careful attention to detail in the setting of his platform. His imperfect sympathies, however, prevented him from appreciating the great Rachel and Ristori, for the Comédie Française had no appeal to his hearty appetite. He loved farce, had a contempt for opera, and enjoyed the music-hall. The theatre of his day was a sorry business, full of clownery and sentimental excesses, and his own efforts as a playwright lacked distinction, though he tasted box-office success. His letter to Douglas

Jerrold shows that he had no illusions on his ability as a dramatist. Yet it is the dramatic artist in the novelist that is the core of his success. Two instances will suffice to show how vividly he could set a scene—the impressive trial of Fagin, and the power of that episode where Jonas Chuzzlewit goes down to murder Montague Tigg. It would be easy to multiply these examples, and is it not the same dramatic sense which gives his pictures of London life their force and colour? At his worst, he shares the extravagance and unrestraint of the melodrama of his day. This "special correspondent for posterity"—to use Walter Bagehot's apt phrase—always had an eye for theatrical effect. Mr. Amerongen shows how it affected his methods and controlled his portraiture. He was no psychologist, but the realm of the farcical and fantastic, the stage that he loved, he has peopled with characters the world will not willingly let die. "The Actor in Dickens" is a genuine contribution, full of illuminating data, and informed with a fine spirit of appreciation which will make the book welcome on the shelf of every Dickensian.



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MODERN PROPHETS AND THEIR ILLUSIONS.

(Continued from Page 904.)

destroying and rebuilding the world, its institutions, laws, manners, morals and aesthetics—on paper. The game is an easy and amusing one, although a little fallacious. All the obligatory and common standards, which were formerly so numerous, having been abolished, every new prophet can choose the standards which suit him best in reconstructing the world as he would have it: free or enslaved, peaceful or warlike, individualist or communist, aristocratic or plebeian.

It is thus that for the last fifty years the most opposite theses have been demonstrated to us with the same ardour of conviction. Christianity has been the supernatural redemption of a part of humanity; but it provoked a most appalling historical catastrophe from which all the evils we now suffer have arisen. The Reformation and the French Revolution liberated mankind, but engendered the most fatal anarchy in history. We are living in the most humane and enlightened epoch, and in a civilisation which is the most corrupt and materialistic in history. Liberty, peace, and gentle manners are the supreme possessions of life, and we ought to consider ourselves the flower of humanity, because we can at last enjoy those possessions; but, being liberal, pacifist, and gentle, we are now only a caricature of the true man, who is made for despotism, war, and cruelty.

Ought we to be surprised at this chaos of contradictions? When the human mind is free to choose the standards by which it will judge, it is easy to demonstrate that the same things are good or evil, true or false, beautiful or ugly. It has only to choose the standards which it will use to demonstrate what it desires. For fifty years past that right has been abused by philosophers, moralists, art critics, and prophets of a future more beautiful than the present. They have filled the libraries with ingenious and interesting books. But all the doctrines they have piled up, all the conclusions at which they have arrived, have only a relative value. They are bold constructions, but built on quicksands. But, although it is easy to explain the contradictions of modern thought, they cannot fail to produce a certain confusion. That is why, in the midst of so many gospels preached by so many different prophets, it may be worth while to vindicate the rights of common-sense. The catastrophe of the Russian Empire may also serve to remind us that common-sense has something to say at times even in the most abstruse philosophical and political discussions.

Modern civilisation, which is the daughter of the French Revolution and the great industrial developments, has its faults and its dangers. The World War, the revolutions by which it was followed, the disturbances of all kinds which it left behind, should suffice to put us on our

guard against the dangers of a too self-satisfied optimism. We find ourselves faced by formidable problems that we must solve if we wish to reconstitute the two things necessary for preserving the advantages of an old civilisation in an over-populated continent like Europe: the moral bases of authority and the balance of needs and resources.

Even when we have solved these problems created by the war, we shall still find ourselves faced by one which is perhaps an organic defect of modern civilisation. It is neither anarchic nor materialistic, nor stupid, as has too often been said; but it has lost a little too much that sense of limitation which is everywhere imposed upon the human mind, and it never knows where to stop. Alike in the sphere of action and of thought, it is almost condemned to go perpetually further, to do more, and only to see in each goal which it achieves; after the most painful efforts, a new stage of a journey which continues interminably into the illimitable.

But while it is necessary that the modern spirit should realise its faults and the dangers which they entail, it should not forget that the immense transformations which Europe has undergone during the last two centuries had deep, vital, and organic causes, however great the inconveniences of certain of those transformations. Modern society is a whole, composed of different parts; and while each isolated part may lay itself open to criticism, all parts are bound up in one organic system and consequently are inseparable. Liberal doctrines, representative institutions, the popular organisation of armies, the great development of industry, political nationalism, the development of the scientific spirit, are different organs, but all equally necessary to a single system, the final reason for the existence of which lies in a biological phenomenon of capital importance: the marvellous growth of population.

Nietzsche may scoff as much as he pleases at the "miserable manias" of Western Europe, and predict that liberalism, pacifism, and humanitarianism will ruin civilisation. The Socialists, on their part, may accuse modern society and the great development of industry of engendering corruption, slavery, and war. It does not remain less true that there exists in Europe to-day a population three times more dense than that which peopled it before the French Revolution; that food must be supplied for that population; and that, in order that this food may be provided, Europe and America must be exploited by modern technical methods, put in motion by the methodical and untiring work, simplified and organised up to the last point of boredom, of all the men and all the women capable of working; and that, in order to induce men to work, as they do to-day, in a condition of intense boredom, they must be given everything that Nietzsche detested, beginning with a certain amount of liberty.

It is a chain of iron. No poet's fancy, armed with meteoric pictures, will succeed in breaking it. All the doctrines which announce the reform of the world in such opposite senses can serve to excite our intelligence and draw our attention to certain defects of modern society; they cannot prepare a radical change. The world it is desired to remake on ancient or modern models remains just as it is, and continues its way along the large lines traced by more than a century of history. It could not be otherwise. Modern society has no need of radical revolutions, because it is in itself a permanent radical revolution in which everything becomes more and more mobile and fluid. It only needs to find some fixed points or stopping places in that perpetual mobility of all its creative energies which will prevent it, at least so far as its most important activities are concerned, from passing certain bounds beyond which lies catastrophe.

One of those fixed points ought to be the idea of liberty, which is so much detested by the disciples of the German philosopher. The greatness of European civilisation was born of a common effort made on a continent where there is immense variety of languages, religions, local traditions, national genius, arts, philosophies, literature, doctrines, and political institutions. But, in order that such different social forces should be able to unite in a common effort, it is necessary that they should all have the possibility of making themselves felt under equal conditions. The liberty which the most civilised part of Europe attained after the French Revolution is the fertile result of the rich variety of its internal social forces.

The Russian Empire had suppressed this variety and its most fertile results under a régime which was "anti-liberal to the point of wickedness." For this reason it found itself feeble in the great struggle which began in 1914; and it was the first of the combatants to fall, although it was on the stronger side. The power of Russia's allies, the enormous size of her territories, the incalculable treasures shut up in those territories, the hundreds of millions of men who composed her population, were of no use to her. Modern civilisation is a system whose every part is necessary. If only one of the parts is missing, the system is paralysed. The Muscovite Colossus lacked one thing only, and that was the very thing which Nietzsche and his pupils want to take away from the rest of Europe—liberty. And the Colossus has been overthrown: this is a lesson whose meaning Western Europe should understand. If the Russian catastrophe is a human and explicable event, it demonstrates that, in order to have "a traditional authoritative and responsible will" and, consequently, solid institutions, it is, above all, necessary that a modern State should not be "anti-liberal to the point of wickedness."



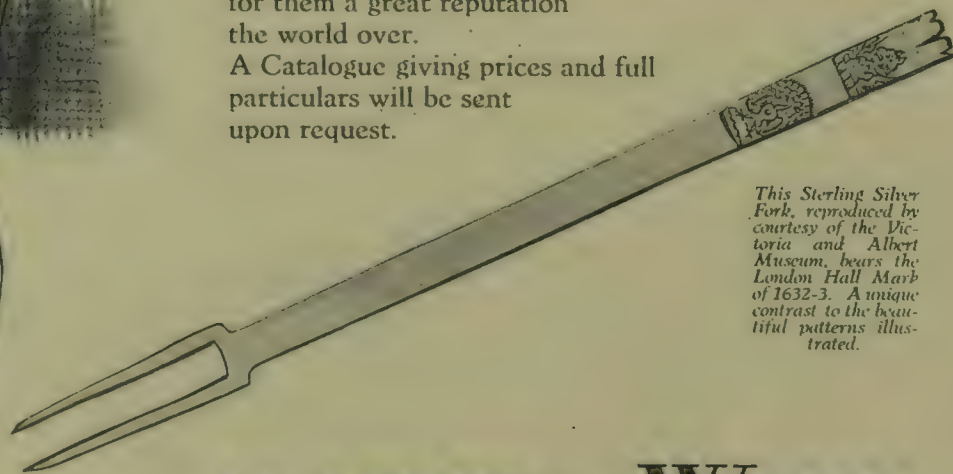
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"The lanky fellow's chin is familiar to me, Mr. Flake."

"You're too familiar by half, Mr. Gold. That's will-power, that chin is."

"Well, we've both got WILLS of our own, haven't we?"

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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

THE OSTRICHES.

A WEEK or so ago I found myself in the company of a large number of serious-minded artists, painters, architects, etchers, and the like. Discussion veered—as it inevitably does veer nowa-

one or two of my cards. But I was not prepared for the complete antagonism to the screen and its dreadful doings as evinced by the attitude of all those serious-minded artists, their disciples, their wives, their cousins and their aunts. I was amazed to find every one of my cards not scrutinised, but sneered at, laughed to scorn as non-existent. Douglas Fairbanks was referred to as Douglas Boom, though for the life of me I cannot see that Fairbanks has been boomed more extensively or less legitimately than many stage-actors and actresses; or, for the matter of that, than Mrs. Dod Procter's recent Academy success, "Morning." In the latter case we are also invited to extend our enthusiasm to the model who sat for the picture, and as she did nothing but go to sleep in a graceful pose, I think Fairbanks remains well within the limits of advertisement.

Again, the whole company was moved to generous applause and signs of approval when a violent gentleman loudly averred that films were nearly all disgusting and beastly, and appealed only to the beastliest minds. He confessed that he went a great deal to the films because, being unfortunately deaf, it was the

only form of entertainment he could enjoy! Yet his attacks on the form of entertainment he seeks so often grew in venom as he spoke. Moreover, he begged us not to laugh, as he could "see" we were doing, because this was no laughing matter.

And, indeed, he is right. It is no laughing matter. Here is a large assembly of artistic folk, men and

women, who could do much towards the betterment of moving-pictures, adopting the policy of the ostrich and sticking their heads into the sands of derision, as if by so doing they could minimise the thing they deride. I take it that the attitude of these people, who, for want of an apter word, I must designate as "high-brows," represents the attitude towards the kinema of a vast number of intellectuals. I cannot call them "thinking men and women," because it is obvious to me that they have not thought about this matter.

Here is this tremendous factor in modern life, the kinema. As a purveyor of entertainment it grows in power day by day, because it responds to modern mentality, fits in with our modern hustle, supplies an antidote to the accumulating difficulties of life. Even our deaf gentleman tacitly admitted this, since his infirmity still permits him the perusal of books

[Continued overleaf]



A DELIGHTFUL SETTING FOR THE MARGARET MORRIS DANCERS: WOODLANDS AT FOOT'S CRAY PLACE, LORD WARING'S KENTISH HOME, GAY WITH SPRING FLOWERS.

Lady Waring arranged to be "at home" to her friends on Friday, May 20, at Foot's Cray Place, Lord Waring's delightful country seat in Kent. At this season of the year the bluebells and other spring flowers are very beautiful. The Welsh Guards band was engaged to play during the afternoon, and the Margaret Morris dancers to perform in the woodlands.

days, sooner or later—to the subject of the kinema, or, as they seemed to prefer to call it, the cinematograph. Naturally, I held a brief for the kinema. I laid my cards on the table in announcing that I looked upon screen-drama not only as a fine entertainment, but as an art, and, in the right hands, a very fine art too. Naturally, I sought to justify this statement by various arguments and examples. As naturally, I expected some opposition, some counter-argument, some objection, ably upheld, to



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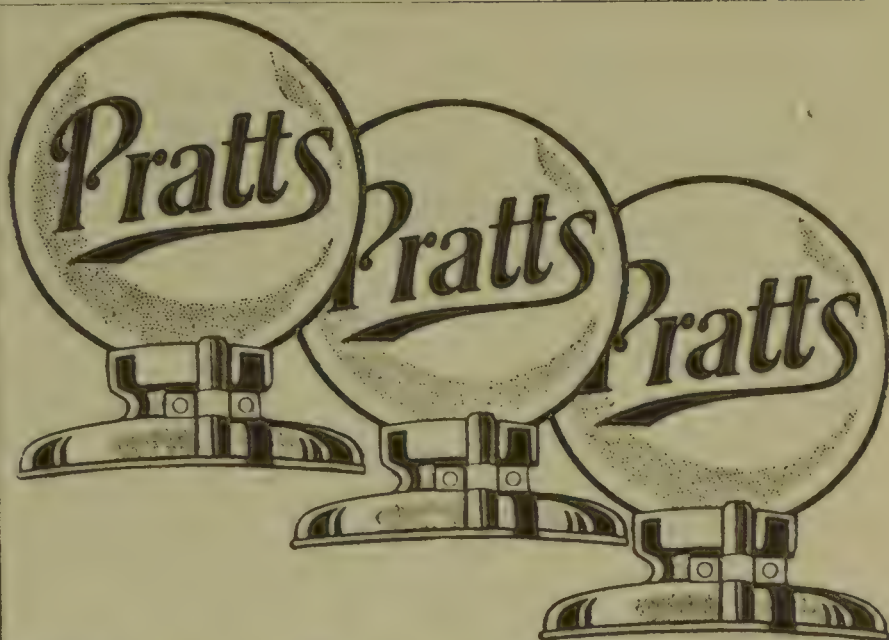
WOMEN TALK

"Dress" is a favourite topic of conversation between women—as it should be. It is the duty of every woman to see that her natural charms are presented in a worthy setting. But to talk of "Dress" is not necessarily to talk of "new dresses." Many women, in such a discussion, give an important place to the advantages of cleaning and dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way."

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(Continued.)

or the pleasure of pictures—not moving ones. But no; he goes to the kinema, and cries "stinking fish" afterwards. He goes, presumably, because the moving-pictures amuse and distract his mind more than books or paintings, offering, possibly, a greater contrast to his daily work. Then why deny their qualities? Why blindly aver that films have no virtues of beauty or of thought? Why not seek out the best in them instead of harping on the worst?

As the discussion I have in mind drew to an end, I heard a woman say to her companion: "Oh, of course I go to the pictures occasionally—but I hate them really!" This is the attitude that infuriates me beyond any other. It reminds one of the cheap tourists who go to revel in the glories of the Riviera and then proceed to run down everything French.

If we are drawn to "go to the pictures," it is because we find in them something for our needs. For heaven's sake, let's be honest about it! Criticism is honest if it is not completely destructive. It is wholesome; it is, indeed, imperative; since the kinema is in its youth, up against all sorts of difficulties and often exploited for purposes that have no consideration for art whatsoever. The keenest enthusiast of the kinema is ready to admit its many faults—I am talking of people who use their brains and who are capable of artistic discrimination. The person who says: "Oh, of course I go to the pictures occasionally—but I hate them, really" (do we not all know several who voice this point of view?) is just about on a par with the "tweenie" who goes to the picture palace with her young man in order to hold hands in the dark, and just about as intellectually useful.

Since nothing is going to stop the triumphant march of the kinema, why not, O ye intellectual ostriches, drop the pretence of thinking it beneath your notice, or, if you do take a squint at it with one eye, of seeing nothing but rot and silliness in the films? I am not, for the moment, championing the cause of the kinema as an art, nor discussing whether Fairbanks be or be not merely a stunt actor, or Chaplin a circus clown. I am only urging the artistic "high-brows" to realise how big, how immensely vital a thing is the kinema, and how hopelessly stupid

it is to sneer at it. And so pathetically old-fashioned too, recalling the stern parents of a former generation who thought it sinful to put a foot inside that home of vice, the playhouse, and echoed the law in regarding the players as "rogues and vagabonds." Well, the theatre shouldered its way through antagonism, and so, too, does the kinema. But the kinema, because of its immensely wide appeal, should be of even greater concern to all thoughtful people than the theatre, and, rather than hide their heads in the sand, they should take a good look at what they consider to be their enemy. Let them try to see what is good in the kinema, and, having found it—believe me, they will find it—let them combine in insisting on having what is good. I would remind them again that the quality of films has improved amazingly of late years, and that, until comparatively recently, without much aid from the more serious-minded filmgoers. Now that England is making every effort to enter the larger arena of competition with really good work—I wonder if any of my ostriches went to see "Roses of Picardy"?—the moment has come for all hands on deck. The pessimist would do well to drop his gloomy forebodings, the intellectual even better to eschew his sneers; for the real thing, the useful thing, the only thing to do now is to support the right kind of picture and the right kind of producer with every means in our power.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TERROR." AT THE LYCEUM.

MELODRAMA, if you like to call it so, but of an ingenious, quickly moving, full-blooded type, which makes the more excitable playgoer gasp and piles thrill on thrill—that is what Mr. Edgar Wallace supplies at the Lyceum in "The Terror." What one likes here is the unflagging vigour of the playwright, the way in which he keeps one on tenterhooks of curiosity, the prodigality of his devices for working on the nerves of his audience. Lights are shut off or blaze out suddenly; groping hands show themselves; strains of music or shrieks catch the ear; shots are fired through a window; a man is found strangled; from secret panels a cowed figure emerges

like a ghost—such, to say nothing of convicts and detectives, or of the hoard of gold in the crypt of a priory, is some of the material with which Mr. Wallace creates an atmosphere of mystery and suspense. Who troubles about probability in such a story as this? It is enough that it starts false scents, that it has its humour as well as its sensationalism, that it solves the puzzle with the right amount of surprise. Strenuous acting is required with such conditions, and this the play gets. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and Miss Mary Glynne give general delight as hero and heroine; Mr. Henry Carlisle's grim butler strikes the eye; and there is subtlety as well as strength in the performance of Mr. Felix Aylmer. With such help Mr. Wallace's piece justifies its title. It will take a lot of beating as a blood-curdler.

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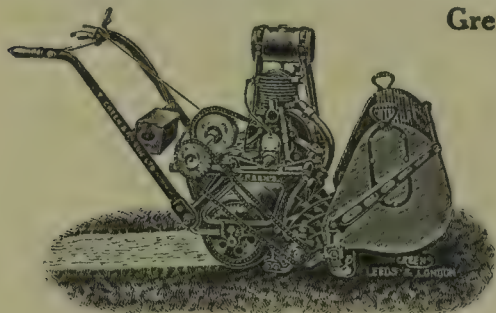
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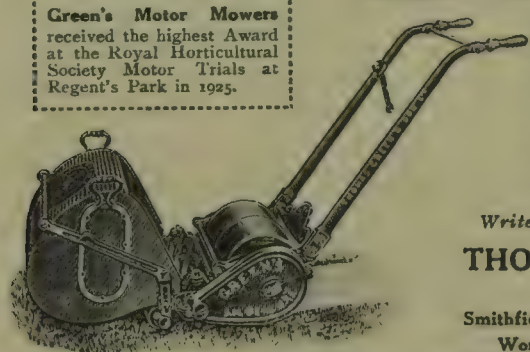
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

MODERN COACHWORK—THE PYTCHLEY SLIDING ROOF.

IT is curious how slowly motor body-work has developed in comparison with the rest of the complete car. You would have thought that progress in the design of suitable body-work would have far outstripped that, for example, of the engine or the gear-box; but, as it is, the process of evolution in the past ten or fifteen years has been remarkably leisurely. In general principles our body-work to-day differs very little from that we used to have ten or fifteen years ago, and that really means that we are still a long way off the type which will one day be practically universal—the true all-purpose body.

Where most of the modern coachwork falls short is in its lack of adaptability. There are too many sorts of bodies built, and the scope of each is too narrow. There are one or two special models made by wideawake coachbuilders which represent an intelligent attempt at the real all-purpose car; but for the most part standard coachwork is designed on altogether too rigid lines. This tardiness is, however, only confined to design and not to constructional methods. The latter are in every way superior to

their forerunners of even only a few years ago. Except in the cheapest cars, where the complete car is strictly built down to a price, body-work of all kinds shows greater strength for less weight, which is a useful step in the right direction. With the increasing popularity of the fabric type of saloon, I think we may reasonably look forward to the principle being much more widely adopted, and to our being able to buy most forms of coachwork built on this method.

From that point of view, and in details such as upholstery and trimming, the outlook is fair enough. But



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when we come to examine the facts, we cannot escape the conclusion that in general design we have still much the same sort of body as we had in years gone by. This kind of body is, at its best, a compromise. The man who has only one car has very seldom got the sort of car which is really what he wants in all conditions. If it is an open two-seater or four-seater, it satisfies him during fine weather; but, no matter how good its weather equipment, it instantly becomes a compromise when the rain and the wind get to work. If he has a saloon, it is only what he really wants in bad weather or at night, and makes perhaps, in its ordinary form, the least satisfactory kind of touring car. A rather more successful compromise is provided by a generously proportioned coupé, with collapsing hood; but you pay for that improvement in the least welcome manner—by increase of weight and very considerable increase of cost.

Even the comparatively popular form known as the "All-Weather" is a compromise, in that it has very distinct drawbacks. It, too, costs a good deal more than an open car; and while, as a rule, it affords better protection against the weather than the average hood and side-screens of an open car, especially if it has glass windows, it is generally seriously handicapped by only having two doors instead of four—or at any rate three. There are, of course, exceptions which go to prove this rule, as in everything else; and I do know one or two cars, officially of the open type, whose anti-weather outfit is so remarkably well designed as to make them, for all practical purposes, closed cars when all the protection is in place.

One particular modern two-seater of my acquaintance is actually a better closed carriage than an ordinary coupé, as its windows are so designed as to provide real ventilation without draught. It is on this point that our closed cars are usually most unsatisfactory. I believe it is a difficult, not to say expensive, matter to arrange for the proper ventilation of a saloon. Indeed, it must be, as so many of those I have driven during the past year have been serious sinners in this respect. Usually, it amounts to this, that if you want to escape stuffiness you must put up with draughts, and if you want to keep warm, especially if you are sitting in the back seat, you must be stuffy. Again, of course, there are exceptions, but, generally speaking, it is a charge which can be brought against the great majority of the less expensive type of saloon.

Next to this ventilation question comes the problem of providing a wide field of vision, and that is where practically every ordinary saloon must necessarily fail. There may be people who are content to see only half of the country they are travelling through. I may say that I am not one of them, and until quite recently that

(Continued overleaf.)

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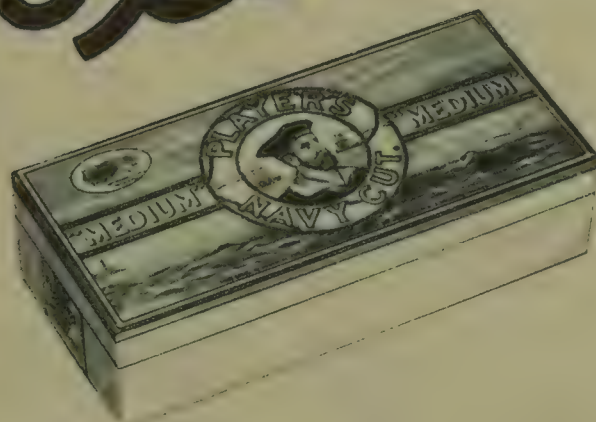


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"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

(Continued.)

fact alone, apart from any of the others, has prevented me joining the enormous ranks of the admirers of this form of carriage. Now I have come across a design which has, at any rate in my view, completely transformed the saloon car. This is the type with a sliding roof, evolved by the Pytchley Autocar Company, who first exhibited this particularly sensible kind of carriage at the last Olympia Show. The roof is so constructed that the front half can be pushed back over the back half, thus turning the front part of the car into an open carriage, and at the same time allowing the occupants of the back seat (while sheltered from either rain or sun) to get a proper view of the scenery through which they are passing. It sounds, and is, extremely simple, like all really ingenious ideas, and, as I said, it just makes all the difference in the world to the comfort of the passengers. I took the Pytchley saloon to the foot of a fairly steep little hill and noted that, while with the roof closed nothing was visible from the back seat fifty yards in front of the car, with the roof open one's view was quite literally doubled.

Another very important point is that with this Pytchley sliding roof you have very good control over ventilation. With the roof open and the windows closed you feel a steady breeze, which does not in the least resemble a draught. There are none of those freezing back eddies of air creeping round your shoulders and neck, and you can prove the difference between a breeze and a draught by the simple process of dropping one of the windows for a moment.

In an instant you are back in the old form of saloon, with its familiar too much air in the wrong place. The roof can be opened or closed to any extent and put in any position while the car is moving. All you have to do is to shift a lock, and the roof slides with the pressure of two fingers. When you have locked it into the place you prefer, it is tightly held on three sides and is absolutely devoid of rattle.

The Pytchley Autocar Company are to be heartily congratulated on producing a device which has long been badly wanted. The price of this complete saloon body for an average sized 20-h.p. chassis is approximately £350, which I should call distinctly moderate in view of the fact that it represents the nearest approach I have yet met to the true all-purpose body.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

"Auto Outings for Bairns" have been organised by Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Saunders and a few friends in the motor trade, and the first outing took place on a recent Sunday. Some three hundred children were collected in Shoreditch and conveyed in cars, coaches, and side-cars to Brighton. There were over sixty vehicles, including a breakdown lorry, doctor, and nurse, but no incident occurred to necessitate their services. Many vehicles, including the lorry, were provided by Mr. W. Oates, of Wimbledon Motor Works, Ltd., and the children were entertained to lunch and tea on behalf of Sir Alfred Fripp and the Froth-Blowers. It is intended to run similar outings

throughout the season. Those willing to lend cars should communicate with Lieut.-Colonel Saunders at 3, Horseferry Road, S.W.1.

The subject of unsightly petrol pumps and filling stations disfiguring the beauties of the countryside was referred to the other day in the House of Commons by the Minister of Transport, who had taken the matter up with the various petrol companies with a view to an improvement being effected. Unfortunately, the petrol companies are powerless to interfere with privately owned filling stations, but a good example has been set through the public-spirited policy of the British Petroleum Company. After much experiment, the firm have decided to paint the red "B.P." pumps a pleasing shade of green, which it was found harmonised best with rural surroundings.

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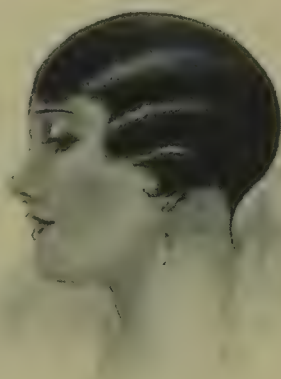
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8 0	5 0	5	5	0	17 4	12 5	23	0	0
9 0	6 0	5	15	0	18 0	13 3	26	0	0
10 1	6 1	7	7	0	19 1	13 2	27	10	0
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Corrective for
Sluggish
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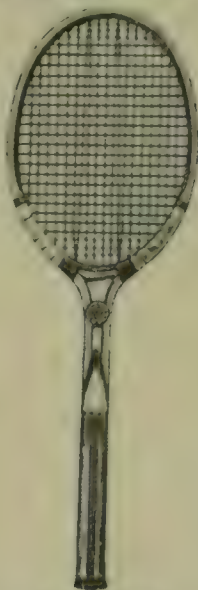
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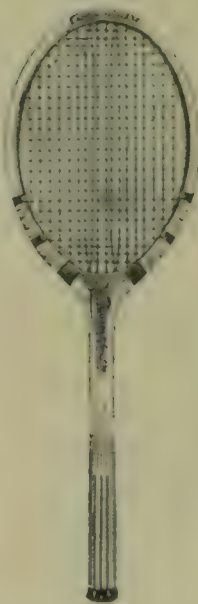


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Seven 20 h.p. models, including Roadster, Saloon, Fixed and Drop-Head Coupé, etc., from £375.

A similar range on the 25 h.p. "Great Six" Chassis at prices from £550.



This is one of the rear connections of the Belflex suspension system, in which rubber vibration dampers eliminate metal-to-metal contact of sprung and unsprung parts of the car.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.



A NEWLY ENGAGED PAIR: VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH, ELDEST SURVIVING SON OF THE MARQUESS OF BATH, AND THE HON. DAPHNE VIVIAN, DAUGHTER OF LORD VIVIAN.

Queen Mary's Birthday.

Next Thursday is Queen Mary's birthday, and, according to custom, there will be a family gathering at Buckingham Palace. Last year, when about twenty members of the Royal Family were present, the greatest event of the day was the first formal appearance of the tiny Princess Elizabeth. The crowd waiting outside the gates hoping to see the Queen were delighted when, at her

when war broke out, to initiate schemes of war work for women.

For eight years her home has been at Accra, on the Gold Coast, where she has acted as hostess to the Prince of Wales during his visit, and to Princess Marie Louise, with whom she travelled to all parts of the territory. She has done very good work there, especially for the women.

A West-Country Engagement.

One can sympathise with the annoyance people feel when announcement is made of an engagement before the families concerned wish it to be published, and one can understand why they promptly deny it. At the same time, these formal denials bear rather hardly on other people who are without the least reason reported to be engaged, for the public naturally expects that within a few weeks that story also will be confirmed. The statement published early in April that Viscount Weymouth, the heir and only surviving son of the Marquess of Bath, was engaged to the Hon. Daphne Vivian, elder daughter of Lord Vivian, was immediately denied, but last week the formal announcement of the engagement appeared, and one would not be surprised if the marriage were soon to take place.

Miss Vivian, who is the daughter of Lord Vivian by his first wife, is the niece of Countess Haig and Lady Worsley. Her brother, Lord Vivian's heir, comes of age this year. Lord Weymouth, who came of age last year, is heir to Longleat, the magnificent country seat near Bath, which stands in one of the finest parks in England, and to 56,000 acres. Never-

It was a very pretty wedding, with the bride and her tiny maids all in white and silver, and masses of white flowers, lilies, lilac, and carnation, decorating the chancel. The crowd outside was disappointed because Prince George was not present; but Princess Beatrice was there, with Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and several of the young Greek Princesses. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham Reid, who are spending part of the honeymoon at Lord and Lady Forres's beautiful villa on the Riviera, will return to London during the summer, and afterwards set off on a tour round the world.



An Australian Dame.

Sir Joseph Cook's term of office as High Commissioner in London for the Australian Commonwealth expired a week ago, but he is remaining till the end of July, when his successor arrives, and then he and his wife will return to their home in Australia. Dame Mary Cook is looking forward to that with mingled feelings, happy in the thought of being once more with her friends in Sydney, that lovely, fascinating city, but sad to leave the many friends she has made here. She has been a good friend to visitors from the Commonwealth, but has not limited her interests in London to purely Australian matters. She has been helpful to other efforts, and she worked hard for the success of the ball held at Australia House some months ago in aid of the memorial to the nurses throughout the Empire who had died in the war. The Victoria League gave a reception yesterday for Sir Joseph and Lady Cook, at which the Dowager Countess of Jersey was chief hostess, and their Australian friends in London are arranging a farewell dinner, which will be held at the Savoy.

request, the nurse carried the child close to the railings, so that they might all see her. This year Princess Elizabeth will again twinkle at the birthday like a baby star, and she will probably have some of her boy cousins to keep her company.

The Queen now reaches the age of sixty. She need not regret that fact, for the years have established her more firmly in the affections of the people. It has always been recognised that she is a woman of strong character, but it was not really till the war gave her unexpected opportunities of serving the nation with an eager activity, and broke down the barriers that usually hedge royalty off from most sections of the community, that people realised what a good neighbour they had in their Queen.

The range of the Queen's interests is remarkable, but still more so are her close attention to detail, the amount of thought she gives to all the organisations in which she is interested, and the way she remembers what she has seen. Notes are made for her private use about the hospitals and other places she visits, so that she is always able to keep in touch with their needs and progress. She also keeps herself informed about a great deal of social and other work at home and abroad through individuals, who may be summoned to the Palace when there is anything of importance to be reported.

Back from the Gold Coast. Lady Guggisberg has just returned from the Gold Coast with her husband, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, who has completed his term of office as Governor out there. She is well remembered in England as Decima Moore, the name under which she became popular both on the stage and on the concert platform. When she married General Guggisberg more than twenty years ago he was stationed in Nigeria, and she travelled with him to places far inland where no white woman had ever been before. Still, she did not desert the stage, and when she came back to London she also entered eagerly into the suffrage movement, and was ready with the well-organised militants,



THE WIFE OF THE RETIRED GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST: LADY GUGGISBERG, C.B.E.



THE WEDDING GROUP AT THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MARY ASHLEY TO CAPTAIN A. S. C. REID, M.P.

Standing: Lord Plunkett (the best man); (left to right) Lady Mary Pratt, Hon. Patrick Plunkett, the Bridegroom, the Bride, Miss Sarah Norton, Miss Jean Williamson; (on the floor) Miss Patricia Mountbatten and Master John Norton.

theless, he had a fancy to know what life on a Canadian ranch would be like, and the hardihood to make his investigations in winter. He has only recently returned from the Dominion. His youngest sister, the beautiful Lady Mary Thynne, was at the same time travelling in Nigeria. Another sister married the Marquess of Northampton several years ago.

A Notable Wedding.

In spite of her youth, or it may have been because of it, Miss Mary Ashley was an extraordinarily self-possessed bride, not in the least perturbed by the thousands of people who packed the pavements all about St. Margaret's, nor by the rush that a great many of the women made to get a near view of her as she stepped out of her car at the church gate. Halfway down the covered path she stopped to remove the beautiful ermine coat which had been a present from her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and reassured Colonel Ashley when he asked how her train was to be arranged. After the ceremony, when the west doors were opened, and, stepping out into the sunshine which made all the beads on her "waterfall" frock sparkle, she saw the great crowd of eager spectators whom she had to pass, she smiled placidly and walked away on her husband's arm with an air of being about to stroll down a garden path at Broadlands.

about herself, for she is also secretary of the Women's Engineering Society, honorary secretary of the Business and University Women's committee, and an active member of several other organisations. She edits two papers, and lectures all over the country. The fact that over five hundred people, most of them women, attended the luncheon, indicated that the question of electricity in the home is just now of very great interest. The Electrical Association for Women aims at promoting the use of electricity for domestic purposes, and for other purposes as well. One of its members is a woman dentist, who, of course, uses electrical power in her work.



DIRECTOR OF THE ELECTRICAL ASSOCIATION FOR WOMEN: MISS CAROLINE HASLETT.

Electricity in the Home.

When the speakers at the luncheon given in connection with the Conference of the Electrical Association for Women last week made the Director, Miss Haslett, blush violently by praising her energy, vision, and organising ability, they could hardly see the effect of their words, for she had seated herself far away from the principal guests. That was rather characteristic of her; for she is much more anxious to see the new movement flourish than to be recognised as the prime mover. She probably has no time to think



Just off the beaten track!

If—

There is still fun to be found in a picnic meal, still joy in the clear air. The photograph shows the Majestic Tourer with the hood down and side curtains stowed away. In the place of a few seconds the hood can be raised and the sun-proof, rigid, clear-as-glass, side curtains taken from their handy store behind the rear seats. Plenty of comfort for five in this happy car.



IN his own graphic and inimitable way, Kipling told us just how our world—and ourselves—pivots on that little word “if.” Half our wishes are expressed in terms of “if only”; every circumstance of our existence is governed by conditions, provisions, hypotheses

Thinking of motoring—that paramount factor of modern life—each of us has a longing, dimly outlined, maybe, for the car he could enjoy, granted but a few of his “if’s.”

And yet, if the matter be viewed broadly and with fairness, the designers of Buick cars, stripped of all but matter-of-fact equipment, have achieved something very

close to the creation of the dreamer. Submit the modern Buick car to the most critical of all tests—comparison with the ideal—and a triumph of engineering science becomes apparent.

Our most insistent wish is to travel in complete comfort and with absolute security, and in the joy of Buick motoring this wish is fulfilled with a wide generosity; you could not wish to be in greater ease and luxury than is provided by Buick’s deep, ample seats and long, resilient springing. In swiftness, Buick attains all that can be desired, for its ability for speed is greater than you will wish to employ, while it has, too, the effortless, vibrationless, silent



Here is a picture of peace. A spot to find and, if your camera be with you, to record. The Dominion Two-door Saloon in the photograph can take five of you to many such a beauty spot in absolute luxury. Whatever the weather, you will find this saloon adaptable to your smallest wishes—in complete freedom and ventilation or in cosy, protected comfort.

qualities that you would elect to have.

And as with speed, so with acceleration, with reliability, with safety and delightful ease of handling. In the densest traffic, driving holds not the slightest difficulty. Changing of gear is all but eliminated, so delightfully flexible is the Buick power unit. You pick your way through any maze in perfect confidence and comfort, to shoot ahead in the space of a second when the time arrives.

Wherever you wish to go, be the way rough or smooth, easy or difficult, you may rely implicitly

on your Buick. The recognised obstacles of travel have little power to affect its all-sufficient ability, its comfort, or its security.

In any climate, at any time, in any circumstances, your Buick will be waiting to serve you, a very magic carpet of transport, in luxury and contented travelling.

When you have compared Buick with the car of your happiest imaginings, compare it with any other car in the world even approaching its low cost. Any Buick dealer will let you have a car for the purpose.

*When Better Cars are Built
—Buick will Build them*



Every driver of the Buick Majestic Tourer is assured of complete personal comfort and ease in driving. Sliding bucket seats may be adjusted *exactly* where desired, and all controls are grouped and positioned for operation with a minimum of movement. Below, you see the rigid side curtains erected and the hood down, for open-air driving with protection from the wind.



The very Car of your DESIRE

Whatever kind of a car you have in mind, you need look no further to have your wants completely satisfied than the Buick range. Compare these prices with those of any other car in the world even approaching Buick in motoring excellence.

On the 114½" Light Chassis

Dominion 2-Door Saloon (upholstered in Grey Cloth or Blue Leather)	£425
Majestic Tourer (in Blue or Maroon)	£398
Empire 4-Door Saloon (upholstered in Brown Leather or Grey Repp)	£485
Country Club Roadster	£415

Light Chassis Price £310

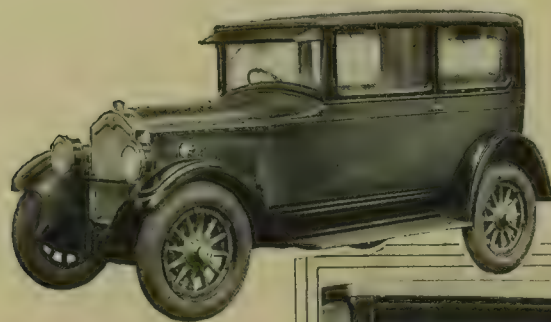
On the 128" Master Chassis

Monarch 7-Seater Tourer	£525
Pullman Limousine (7-Seater)	£725
Piccadilly 2-Seater (wire wheels)	£550
Regent 5-Seater Tourer (wire wheels)	£560

Master Chassis Price £390

The Buick Catalogue

A postcard will bring you a copy of the Buick Catalogue, in which you can see all the models in full colours, and read of Buick's mechanical construction.



In the Dominion Saloon the front seats are of the tip-up type that can be folded entirely out of the way when necessary. Your rear-seat passengers can pass through the exceptionally wide doors without disturbing those in front. The interior abounds in devices for your complete comfort and convenience.



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The special discount quoted above of 15 per cent. off new tyres does not apply to tyres bought under the free retreading scheme.

Another offer we make is to convert high pressure to low pressure, if desired. In that case, we give you five new wheels free, but no discount off the new tyres. You can have the two back wheels done and the front completed later.

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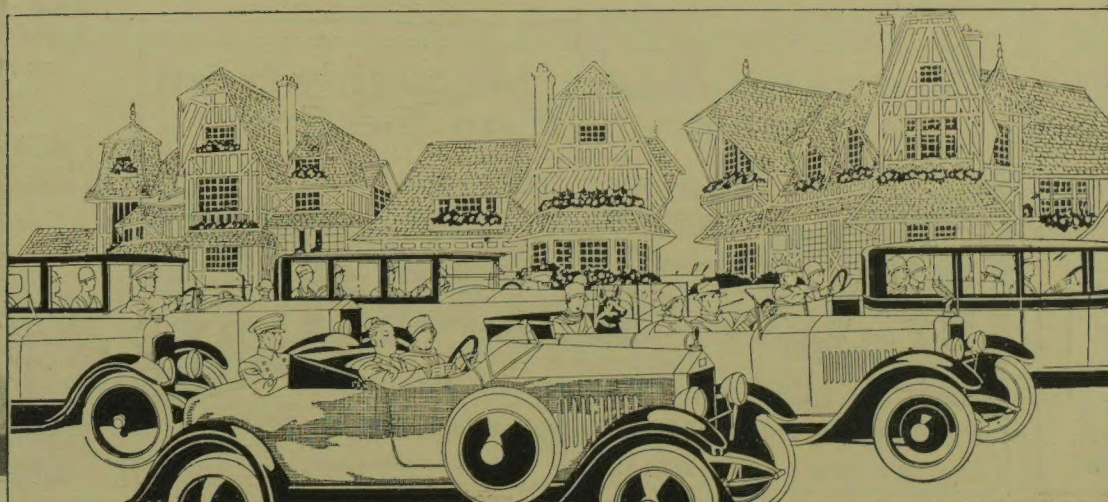
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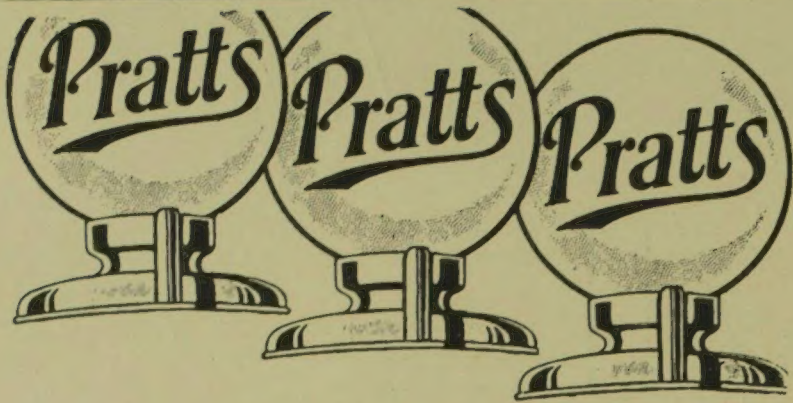
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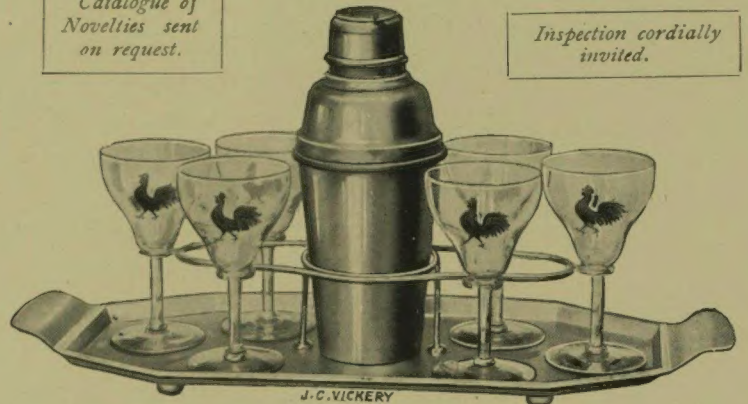
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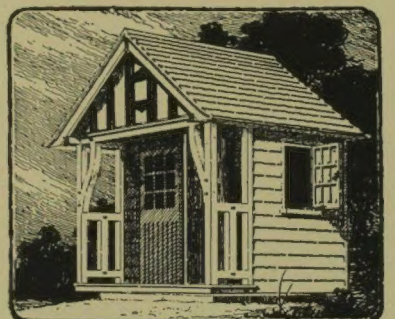
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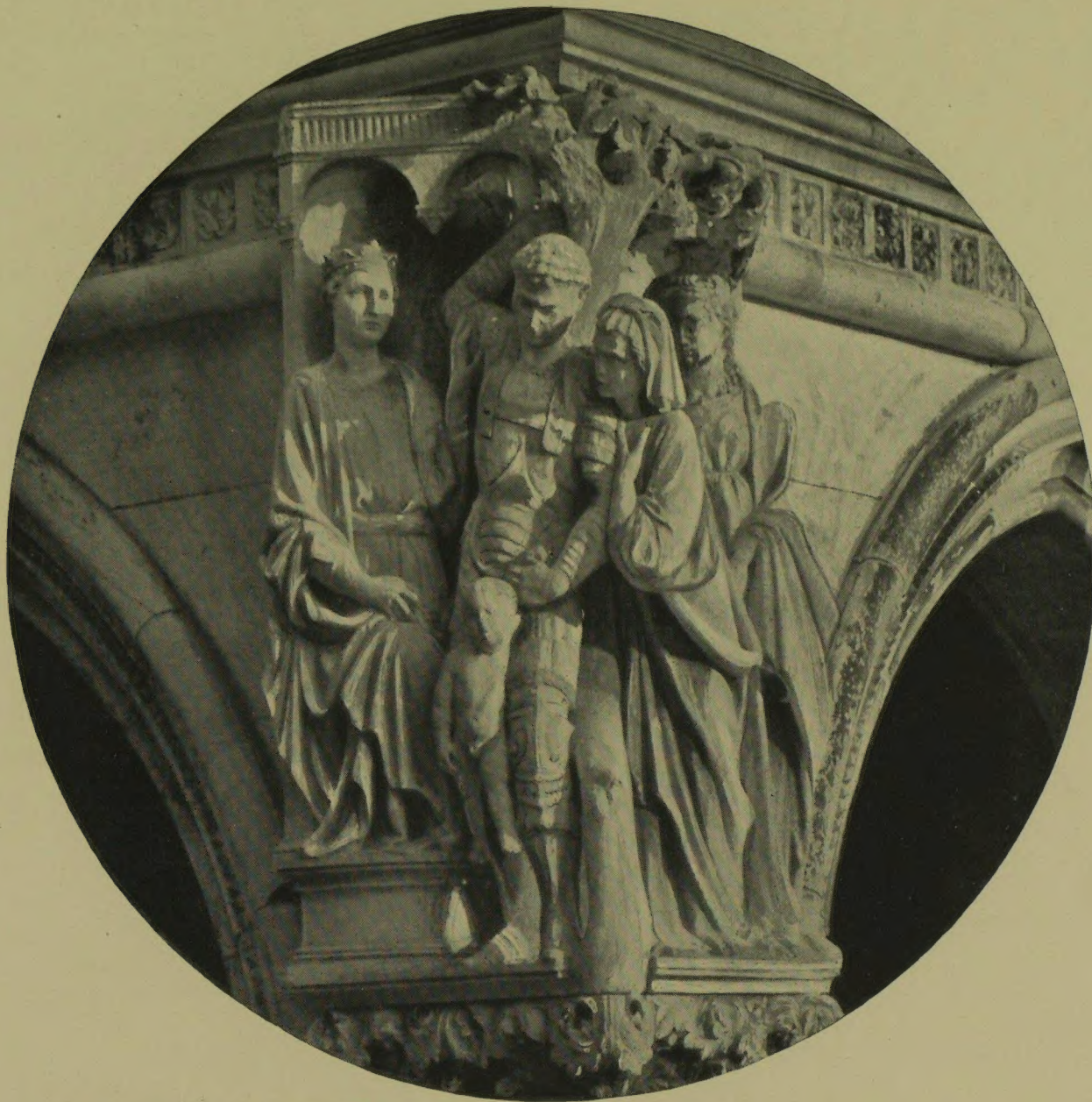
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